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The Editors
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HIROSHIMA

City of myth
City of reality

RACHELLE LINNER

Charting a course: from the council to the synod

The discipleship of equals

ELISABETH SCHÜSSLER FIORENZA

THE ATOM BOMB

What we wrote in August 1945

ALSO: Nancy Amidei on malpractice • **Mimi D'Aponte** on women's voices • **David R. Carlin** on George F. Will • **Karen Sue Smith** on Millet • **Tom O'Brien** on summer films

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Correspondence

Marius, Mario, More

Cambridge, Mass.

To the Editors: I am sorry that Mario Cuomo has changed his mind about my biography of Thomas More. When the book first appeared last fall, the governor sent me a lovely hand-written note congratulating me. Now I see ["An Interview with Mario Cuomo," May 31] that in speaking of More he doesn't like "what Marius did to him."

I share with the governor a tremendous admiration for More. I could not have spent half my life with him had that not been so. But More was also a human being, doggedly involved in human struggle and making his way through the dusky human twilight where things are not as clear as we wish they were.

Several reviewers have angrily declared that I don't like More. But I like him so much that I want him to appear in history as he was in life. Human beings have a right to their character. Obviously a biography must interpret the evidence; that is why no biography is definitive. But the first requirement of the biographer is to read the evidence rather than to content himself with floating on carmine clouds of good intentions.

For More that evidence resides in thousands of pages of his own writings, some of it pretty unpleasant stuff, and I have read every word of it — most of it several times. Any biography as large as mine has errors, and I am ruthlessly weeding them out in preparation for the paperback edition. But my More can be seriously attacked only by someone who has spent as much time with More's complete text as I have. So far no hostile review has even hinted that anyone else has done so.

Truth always lies in the text, patiently waiting to be discovered. The biographer's first obligation is to that text, no matter what it reveals. Enough readers have liked the book to send it through five printings in the United States and two in Great Britain and the Commonwealth. I am sorry Mario Cuomo is not one of them. But I still hope to vote for him in the 1988 presidential election, for he is one of my heroes, too.

RICHARD MARIUS

Mario Cuomo replies:

Albany, N.Y.

To the Editors: I'm afraid Richard Marius has misread my comment about his biography of Thomas More. I never said that he was biased, or unscholarly, or didn't like More. I read his book and found it to be an impressively detailed and researched piece of scholarship.

Nor was I criticizing the accuracy of Marius's facts or the historical validity of his conclusions. I'm not in a position to pass judgment on either.

My problem is far simpler: I like my heroes undiluted. I don't want to hear that Horatio was a secret shareholder in the bridge company, or that Lincoln was chronically constipated, or that Babe Ruth never pointed to the fence in center field. That's not Marius's problem; it's mine.

I know all about "the dusky human twilight where things are not as clear as we wish they were." As I write this letter, a weak sun is setting behind the Albany Mall, the marble buildings being swallowed by voracious nightfall.

But still, despite all the greys of dusk, and all the complexities, and all the fair and necessary conclusions of the biographer, I'm a sucker for the moments of pure sunlight: A prisoner on a scaffold, joking with the sheriff, forgiving his executioners, dying the "king's good servant but God's first."

MARIO M. CUOMO
Governor of New York

Cuomo & abortion

Jersey City, N.J.

To the Editors: There is so much to admire in Mario M. Cuomo's interview [May 31] that it may seem churlish to criticize. Nevertheless, the governor's comments on abortion reminded me of a boxer: good defense, nice jab (at the bishops, not at the pro-choice people).

Yes, the interview was informal and wide-ranging, and Governor Cuomo's earlier Notre Dame speech was a first and noteworthy attempt by a Catholic politician to chart a course on this difficult issue, but so far Governor Cuomo's stance has largely defended the absence of response to abortion by Catholic politicians.

Our need, however, is for principled political leadership which will recognize and face the public, social, and private horror of one and one-half million abortions a year, sanctioned by an imposed law of abortion on demand. What, Governor, should New York State, and the nation, do about it? The problem is a public one, by your own definition of family.

DANIEL A. DEGNAN, S.J.

Cuomo & Carlin

Nahant, Mass.

To the Editors: Good piece by David Carlin on Mario Cuomo and abortion ["Mario Slips Through," July 12]. Cuomo is without question the best hope currently visible for getting the country back on track toward some kind of sanity and basic human decency in 1988. Making this easier is a worthy project.

A problem: how do Carlin, and Cuomo, deal with the question of publicly funded abortions? While reasonable pro-lifers might agree with the proposition that a legal ban on abortion is impractical because unenforceable, we balk at the notion that our tax money is going to be used to perform an operation that we regard as homicide. Publicly funded

(Continued on page 447)

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DRIFTING TO PRETORIA

IF YOU'VE READ one editorial about South Africa, maybe you've read them all. They are depressingly similar. An outbreak of violence. Government repression. Time is running out, says the West, and white South Africa must be pressed to evolve toward recognizing the black majority's rights. Here the editorials diverge as to what forms and degrees of pressure would most likely further that evolution. Conservatives sometimes prefer to turn the whole question into another case of hypocrisy on the part of liberals who ought to be paying more attention to Ethiopia and the Soviets.

Well, time *is* running out. Not necessarily for the white apartheid regime — that, we are told, has plenty of weapons and the will to use them ruthlessly — but for any chance of a relatively peaceful South African future. The alternative future — of continuing, overt, and bloody racial struggle; the kind of protracted state of seige imagined in J.M. Coetzee's fiction — will soon be an irreversible reality. Some people are even saying that such a future is already here. "There is no possibility of peaceful devolution to a constitutional, democratic, fair government," concludes one writer in the *New York Times*, and the same paper's editorial column comes close to agreeing: "A monumental tragedy is at hand, and there is not much that good people elsewhere can do to prevent it."

If it's up to the good people in South Africa itself, they need support. And so the proposals keep coming. Organize the European powers, the U.S., and Japan into a group that can wield economic sanctions together, says Andrew Young. President Botha should declare his intention to grant full citizenship to all South Africans, says the *Economist*. Free Nelson Mandela, jailed head of the African National Congress and most respected black leader in South Africa, says just about everyone. Enter into negotiations with Mandela, respond to the pleas of Bishop Desmond Tutu, take up the regional multiracial governing plan offered by Zulu Chief Gatsha Buthelezi — these are all ideas that must be acted upon soon, before such moderate leaders are swept away in a tide of uncompromising militance and anger.

Washington is taking all this very placidly. "Constructive engagement" is in tatters, but "we're not undertaking a basic policy review," said a White House official. Indeed, Chester A. Crocker, the veteran exponent of the administration's South African policy, was reported on vacation. Is this quiet diplomacy — or coma?

One lesson Washington might just learn from the South African explosion is that long fuses do eventually burn down. Why wait until the alternatives are unpalatable? In Iran. In Central America. In the Philippines, South Korea, Chile. For that matter, in Geneva. The perception that time is running out can be dangerous in international politics, leading to precipitous actions. But no less dangerous is a preference for drifting with potentially explosive situations rather than risking any new initiatives. There comes a moment when the clock cannot be set back.

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ETC.

● William Steif and Tom Mechling, in their report on press freedom in Africa (p. 429), note that government pressures on the press in South Africa "often tend to be more subtle" than elsewhere. No longer. The July 21 decree giving sweeping emergency powers to police in thirty-six local districts also hit those regions with what one pro-government paper called "total censorship." Another paper, with a black readership, greeted the emergency decree with a front-page headline saying "COMMENT"— followed by a blank space. The space, it noted, "is an indication of how press freedom has been restricted."

● Word has reached us that Franz Jaegerstaetter, the Austrian peasant beheaded in 1943 for refusing service in Hitler's army, was issued a posthumous Award of Honor this past December. The award was granted by the president of Austria in response to a nationwide popular petition. It was accepted by Jaegerstaetter's widow in a nationally televised ceremony. Previously, the current bishop of Linz expressed interest in initiating the process for possible canonization.

Gordon Zahn and the Pax Christi Center on Conscience and War have been circulating the prize-winning Austrian film, *The Refusal,* based on Zahn's book *In Solitary Witness: The Life and Death of Franz Jaegerstaetter* which "discovered" this contemporary martyr. The Center is presently seeking foundation funding to have the film dubbed into English so that this story can be made more accessible to young people. Efforts are also underway to find a publisher to reissue Zahn's book, unfortunately out of print.

In keeping with *Commonweal*'s usual summer schedule, only one issue will be published during the month of August. The next issue will be dated September 6, after which regular biweekly publication will be resumed.

● Eliot Janeway, the distinguished economist, business analyst, and publisher, has sent us a proposal. He suggests that the American Catholic bishops, in connection with their work on an economics pastoral, should launch a massive voluntary effort, open to people of all views and callings, to meet the educational and health needs of the nation's disadvantaged children.

Mr. Janeway has very limited confidence in Washington's current economic policies, to put the matter mildly; he believes that economic prospects are dim. So, too, are the chances, at least in the near future, of getting much from government except, as Janeway puts it, "malign neglect." Like it or not, he concludes, voluntarism is the only available remedy for a "social epidemic of juvenile illiteracy and handicaps stemming

THE ATOM BOMB

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TWO MONTHS AGO we were writing about poison gas. We said: "To the Orient we are bringing the latest inventions of our civilization. There is only one we have not brought. It is gas. If we use that we will have brought them all. Gas is no worse than flame. It is only that it is one more weapon. The last one we have to use. Until we invent a new one." And then we said: "The time has come when nothing more can be added to the horror if we wish to keep our coming victory something we can use — or that humanity can use."

Well, it seems that we were ridiculous writing that sort of thing. We will not have to write that sort of thing any more. Certainly, like everyone else, we will have to write a great deal about the future of humanity and the atomic bomb. But we will not have to worry any more about keeping our national victory clean. It is now defiled.

There were names of places in Europe which from the early days of the war were associated with a German idea that by disregarding the rights of civilians you could shorten a war. These names of places — Rotterdam, Coventry — were associated, and seemed likely to be associated in men's minds for a great number of years, with a judgment of German guilt and German shame. There was a port in the Pacific which sheltered American naval power. It was attacked by air without warning and the name Pearl Harbor was associated, and seemed likely to be associated for many years, with a Japanese idea that you could win a war by attacking the enemy before declaring war on the enemy. The name Pearl Harbor was a name for Japanese guilt and shame.

The name Hiroshima, the name Nagasaki are names for American guilt and shame.

The war against Japan was nearly won. Our fleet and Britain's fleet stood off Japan's coast and shelled Japan's cities. There was no opposition. Our planes, the greatest bombers in the world, flew from hard won, gallantly won bases and bombed Japanese shipping, Japanese industry, and already, Japanese women and children. Each day they announced to the Japanese where the blows would fall, and the Japanese were unable to prevent anything they chose to do.

Then, without warning an American plane dropped the atomic bomb on Hiroshima.

Russia entered the war. There was no doubt before or after Russia entered the war that the war against Japan was won. An American plane dropped the second atomic bomb on Nagasaki.

We had to invent the bomb because the Germans were going to invent the bomb. It was a matter of avoiding our

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from deprivation, disease, or ignorance of health symptoms." He envisions a crusade mobilizing millions (himself included) to bring the three Rs to deprived youngsters along with the child care and medical information needed to identify health problems and obtain treatment. Even tough-minded policy makers ought to realize that without such an effort, the very health and educational base of the economy is being eroded.

This proposal raises a number of questions. Mr. Janeway himself replies in advance to one of them — would a call to massive voluntarism effectively excuse government from its social responsibilities? Janeway thinks the results would be quite the opposite. Widespread personal involvement of middle-class citizens with those in need would create a base of support for renewed government efforts. But what about the feasibility of the bishops' sponsoring such a "crusade"? Could tutors and caregivers without professional training really meet literacy and health needs?

Answers can only come from those with experience in large-scale organizing and with first-hand knowledge of educational and health problems. The bishops themselves might have access to such advisors. Good intentions can't substitute for the knowledge and skills essential to such an undertaking, but then again it is mistaken to assume that only government or professionals possess the essential resources. At a time like the present, no plausible proposal for countering the current waste of human talent and spirit should go unexamined.

own possible destruction. We had to test the bomb and we tested it in a desert. If we were to threaten the use of it against the Japaneese, we could have told them to pick a desert and then go look at the hole. Without warning we dropped it into the middle of a city and then without warning we dropped it into the middle of another city.

And then we said that this bomb could mean the end of civilization if we ever got into a war and everyone started to use it. So that we must keep it a secret. We must keep it as sole property of people who know how to use it. We must keep it the property of peace-loving nations. That is what we said about the atomic bomb — together with odds and ends about motors the size of pin points which would drive a ship three times round the world — that is what we said about it, after we had used it ourselves. To secure peace, of course. To save lives, of course. After we had brought indescribable death to a few hundred thousand men, women, and children, we said that this bomb must remain always in the hands of peace-loving peoples.

For our war, for our purposes, to save American lives we have reached the point where we say that anything goes. That is what the Germans said at the beginning of the war. Once we have won our war we say that there must be international law. Undoubtedly.

When it is created, Germans, Japanese, and Americans will remember with horror the days of their shame.

THE EDITORS

Medical malpractice

TOO HIGH A PRICE

PHYSICIANS & PATIENTS AT RISK

SIGNS BEGAN appearing in upstate New York hospitals early this summer, warning that some of the doctors would take no new patients, and that certain of the medical specialties—like orthopedic or neuro-surgery—would no longer be available to anyone. Across the country, just finding a doctor willing to deliver babies is gradually becoming more difficult. There are no doctors who will deliver babies on the Hawaiian island of Molokai; in Lewistown, Maine, which used to have five practicing obstetricians, there now are only two. One-fourth of the doctors specializing in obstetrics and gynecology in Florida and California no longer practice the "OB" side of their specialty.

The ostensible reasons are the same in each case: the cost of medical malpractice insurance, and the threat of multi-million dollar lawsuits. Around the nation, those lawsuits are determining the kind of medical care that is going to be available.

New York is a bit of a special case because insurance companies had limited coverage to $1 million until recently. So even when New York doctors paid premiums in amounts larger than most families' annual incomes, they weren't protected against lawsuits involving damages of $2 or $3 million. New state laws will help somewhat, but (in the view of those doctors who have chosen to move to other states) not entirely.

Some doctors are more vulnerable than others. Professors on medical school faculties, for example, are apt to face lawsuits because they are more likely to get (and take) the most complicated cases. Any surgery involves risk, but an appendectomy carries much less risk than delicate surgery on a brain tumor or spinal cord. Delivering a baby when the mother is healthy, and trouble is not anticipated, is less problematic than attending a high-risk mother. In every area of medicine, it is the high-risk patients who will have trouble getting care.

This is one time when identifying the villains doesn't help much. While malpractice lawsuits may make lawyers and insurance companies rich, and doctors may have a tendency toward arrogance, juries are just being human when they give big awards to someone who is paralyzed or brain-damaged—no matter what the cause. And all of us are susceptible to feeling that modern medicine can fix anything. When it doesn't, the doctor is often the handiest person to blame.

But just below the surface of this issue something else is at work. Juries award massive settlements because they know that the family of anyone who is brain-damaged or severely disabled will have to bear the costs largely on their own. In our society, there are no reasonable provisions for help. Public programs like welfare or rehabilitation services are very limited, both in whom they help and what they provide, and

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getting the necessary services privately is prohibitively expensive. So, whatever the members of a jury may think about a doctor's culpability, it often seems fairer to make an insurance company pay than to leave a family on its own.

As a nation, we have done a poor job of developing even minimally adequate services, income maintenance, and civil rights protection for disabled people. But there is a price to be paid. We may soon find ourselves a nation that has licked its doctor shortage, but where it isn't safe to have a baby or an accident or anything seriously medically wrong, because there'll be nobody there to respond. NANCY AMIDEI

(Nancy Amidei writes regularly for Commonweal *and is a commentator heard frequently on National Public Radio's* All Things Considered.)

Of several minds: *David R. Carlin, Jr.*

THE MACHIAVELLIAN WILL

INCOMPATIBLE CONSERVATISMS

IN A RECENT issue of *The New Republic* Charles Krauthammer described George Will as a person who "almost single-handedly . . . has injected an entire political tradition, Burkean conservatism, into everyday American political discourse." The reference was to Edmund Burke, and the point presumably was that Will is a different breed of conservative from the Milton Friedman, quasi-anarchistic breed, which holds that society ought to be a collection of individuals freely pursuing self-interest, restrained only by their own enlightenment plus a few rules of fair play. Like Burke, Will understands that society — even a society with a limited state and a relatively free enterprise business system — requires that customs, institutions, and values be imposed on its members without first waiting for their consent.

The suggestion may strike some as odd that Will has brought Burke into American political discourse, since one would have thought that Burke did this himself with his great speeches on the American problem in the 1770s or with his spectacular analyses of the French Revolution two decades later. Or if not Burke himself, then perhaps Russell Kirk introduced him in *The Conservative Mind* (1953), which treated Burke as the father of Anglo-American conservatism and devoted more pages to him than to any other of that landmark book's numerous heroes.

Be that as it may, Will now seems prepared to send Burke back to England or Ireland or the Middle Ages, wherever it is Will found him. In a recent reflection on the fortieth anniversary of the first successful nuclear explosion, which took place in New Mexico on July 16, 1945, Will defends the bomb's use at Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Contending — what is no doubt true — that the bomb shortened the war and saved vast numbers of American and Japanese lives, and following this with a defense of Machiavelli against a half-millennium of detraction, he concludes his ethical-historical reflection with a judgment that the bombing of the two Japanese cities was "a deed profoundly Machiavellian and moral."

Between Machiavelli and Burke there is a great gulf fixed, and the person who, like Will, welcomes the great Florentine into his intellectual house will have to throw the even greater Anglo-Irishman out of doors.

There is, to be sure, an old and simplistic view of Machiavelli which regards him not simply as the classic theorist of realpolitik but as one who delights in evil for the sake of evil, a sort of Renaissance forerunner of Hitler, a Marquis de Sade of politics. It is this view Shakespeare did much to popularize when he referred to the founder of modern political science as "the murderous Machiavel" and created our literature's two greatest "Machiavellian" villains, Richard III and Iago. Naturally, Will is above such vulgar prejudices — so far above them, however, that he informs us: "bad reputation is the unjust price Machiavelli paid for being an unsentimental moralist in a world addicted to moral evasions."

Now, this is a bit much, this suggestion that the ill fame nearly five centuries have attached to the author of *The Prince* and *The Discourses* arises purely and simply from his being a clear-sighted realist living in a world overpopulated with political romantics and/or hypocrites. A more accurate impression is given by Lord Acton when he described the prevailing theory of government which Machiavelli and his disciples overthrew: "Laws are made for the public good . . . The public is not to be considered if it is purchased at the expense of an individual. . . . The unwritten law reigns supreme over the municipal law." This ancient theory — which was no doubt subscribed to by a great many hypocrites and romantics as well as by politicians, philosophers, and jurists of wisdom and integrity — taught that politics, despite providing ample room for the exercise of artistic skills, had to be moral in both its ends and its means. Machiavelli, by contrast, offered a theory of politics purely artistic, free of moral constraints, devoted to success (which he defined as the getting and keeping of power, either by the individual, as in *The Prince*, or by the state, as in *The Discourses*), and to economy of means (which involves telling no more lies and doing no more murder than are strictly necessary for getting the job done).

Burke, though living two-and-a-half centuries after Machiavelli, was a political moralist of the ancient school. He wasn't an anticipation of Bismarck; he was a throwback to Cicero. True, he had scant patience with the abstract moralism of an English government which was losing an empire in America, and even less patience with the abstract moralism of the righteous makers of the French Revolution. Yet in his search for the con-

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crete he never abandoned, as did Machiavelli, the notion that politics is subordinate to a higher law, a law "not made by human hands." And this is what makes him, despite his numerous incidental shortcomings, a perennially priceless example for us. He was a realist without advocating realpolitik; he was a moralist without being moralistic.

It is most unlikely that Burke, who was the leading spirit behind the impeachment and prosecution of Warren Hastings for judicial murder in India, would approve the strategic slaughter of a couple hundred thousand noncombatants at Hiroshima and Nagasaki. It is certain, on the other hand, that Machiavelli would have given his stamp of approval to the bombings. For the latter, the efficacy of the event would have been everything; for the former, efficacy would have been only half the story, and the lesser half at that.

If George Will feels he must, in a fit of inconsistency, abandon his Burkean temper in order to justify the war-ending bombings, so be it. That was a hard case, after all, and there are worse things in the world than being inconsistent. But hard cases make bad political philosophy. Let's hope that Mr. Will, who prefers the grave and dignified conservatism of Burke to the flashy conservatism of Milton Friedman, won't salvage his reputation for consistency at the price of abandoning both and signing up with the most brutal and cynical of all schools of conservatism.

DAVID R. CARLIN, JR.

(David R. Carlin, Jr., is a senator and deputy majority leader in the Rhode Island state legislature; he has also taught sociology and written frequently for Commonweal *and other publications. He has recently begun writing a regular column in these pages.)*

Of several minds: *John Garvey*

WHO CONFERS VALUE?

THE CONTINUING ABORTION DEBATE

THE ISSUE of abortion either arouses extreme passions or leads to boredom, or a form of numbness which is very much like boredom. It seems impossible to find any point at which those who oppose permissive abortion laws and those who believe them necessary can agree. Sidney and Daniel Callahan have made a good beginning, as readers of *Commonweal* [October 5, 1984] may remember. (It is, I'd guess, a beginning which many people on both sides of the issue don't want to see made at all.) But unless the goal of people on both sides of the debate is to feel an obscene and futile satisfaction, some common ground of discussion must be found if only to clarify the points at which agreement really is impossible. As it stands, there is a determination to stare past the shoulder of the opponent, never meeting the eye, with one side accusing the other of a lack of compassion for (choose one) the mother or the unborn child.

The argument too often degenerates into an argument over what the law should permit. This is not a stupid argument in itself; in any society, particularly a pluralistic one, it is essential. But law is limited to the realm of the socially possible, and what is socially possible is in part the product of a climate of opinion and shared values, and this is a realm which is larger and more difficult than the one with which law can deal. It is precisely within this vital space that the debate has been most cloudy, and it is for this reason an article in the May 30 issue of the *New York Review of Books* strikes me as an important one. It is written from a pro-choice point of view, one which may make some pro-choice and pro-life people uncomfortable. The article—very much worth reading—is called "Matters of Life and Death," and was written by Jonathan Glover, the author of *Causing Death and Saving Lives* and *What Sort of People Should There Be?* I haven't read either book, but the latter title is one I envy.

Glover is clearly not uncompassionate. I do not want to reduce his argument to a point which could lead to distortion, but it reveals both the difficulties which we face in finding a common language, and a problem which underlies those difficulties: the fact that the argument which pro-life and pro-choice people are engaged in involves issues which are finally philosophical and religious.

Glover takes a number of common pro-choice and pro-life arguments and shows their shortcomings. He is willing to say that there are some instances in which even infanticide might be justified (for example, the case of a baby born with terrible and tormenting abnormalities), but points out that people who argue the case for abortion on the grounds of the relative lack of self-consciousness to be found in the fetus or the newborn may have to argue that there is little moral difference between infanticide and abortion. "The pro-lifers have always said that even early abortion is morally like killing babies," Glover says. "The reply that they are indeed the same, and that both are acceptable, is not an attractive one." Yet, as Glover points out, to argue that the right of a woman to control her own life makes any action acceptable can lead to such an argument.

Glover argues that a degree of self-consciousness and an answering welcome from the human community have a major part in the definition of humanity, and from his point of view this means a major part of the argument in favor of the right to life of the child in the womb. I believe that his argument is more vulnerable than he thinks it is, or at least that there are even more difficult questions to be raised than the already difficult questions he raises. He does, however, raise some good objections to common pro-life arguments. He quotes one:

" 'If you were glad you were not aborted yourself, how can you justify aborting someone else?' . . . The premise of the argument is quite correct. I am glad I was not aborted, since I should not be here if I had been. But for the same

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reasons, I am glad that my parents did not use a contraceptive, or practice chastity. Unless we accept that we ought to produce as many children as possible, the argument seems to prove too much."

Glover goes on to point out that the problem of distinguishing between abortion and infanticide remains central to the argument, and that it "can only be dealt with by examining the moral justifications for taking life." The objections to killing someone, he says, come down to three, one of them Kantian, the other two utilitarian. The Kantian one is that it violates the person's autonomy, "perhaps the most extreme violation possible," and the other two involve "the loss of the years of life that persons would otherwise have enjoyed" and the "effects on other persons than the one killed." Glover rejects the Kantian argument on the grounds that infants lack the self-consciousness necessary for autonomy to mean much. The first of the utilitarian arguments suffers from the same defect as the "how would you like to be aborted?" argument. The second he finds central: late abortion and fetal research raise painful questions about the dehumanizing act of killing the unborn child, and even more difficult ones about the infanticide which Glover finds acceptable, if tragic.

At one point in a discussion of fetal research Glover says, "We remember the experiments Nazi doctors were prepared to do on human beings, and wonder about the strength of the barriers that prevent us from performing atrocities. These barriers must be at least as much emotional as intellectual." The emotional and the intellectual seem to be the only categories which exist. In arguing for abortion as a means of bringing only wanted children to birth, and infanticide in extreme cases as a means of preventing the afflicted child from suffering, Glover speaks of "the conflict between such claims and the defense of our emotional responses to babies." He respects much that he finds in pro-life arguments, though his respect is a little condescending; his final pro-choice argument is one with which pro-life people must contend: "The policy of forcing women to bear and rear unwanted children involves a degree of misery and servitude that is an obvious moral evil. It could only be justified by showing that it averts a greater evil."

Throughout his argument Glover raises sensitive qualifications, difficult questions for both sides, and reveals a respect for his opponents in the pro-life/pro-choice debate which is exemplary, something rare on either side of the debate. But he is convinced that even after people on both sides of the issue are made aware that their opponents "are not moral monsters," there remains "the difference between a morality of absolute commands and prohibitions, set in a scheme of religious belief, and the more secular approach of the pro-choice activists, who are motivated by the bad consequences of denying abortion, both for women and for the quality of parenthood."

This way of putting things pretty much stacks the deck. On the one hand you have rigid dogmas, on the other compassion. Having nodded at the fact that the life of the unborn child is not nothing, that life is again consigned to the realm of nothingness for purposes of argument. "We are deeply divided," Glover says, "between religious and secular views, and also between absolutist and consequentialist moralities. . . . The pro-life position either involves a direct appeal to religious authority, or else appeals to common beliefs about the right to life."

I am not sure what he means by a "direct appeal to religious authority." If this means that one can turn only to the specific dogmas of a specific religious denomination, I disagree. But if he means that appeals to common beliefs about the right to life are the only alternatives to an insistence that life is inherently sacred, he has a point, and he has gone a long way towards clarifying the difficulty involved in finding common beliefs.

It seems to me that a secular case against abortion can be made only by demonstrating the callousness of abortion and its effect on a society; this must, as Glover says, be shown to be a greater evil than forcing women to bear children they don't want. But those of us who make this argument are convinced that even if abortion did not have a negative social effect it would be wrong, because human life in all of its stages is sacred. Our reasons for opposing abortion are in fact religious, but we are not allowed, under the rules of a secular and pluralistic society, to advance this fact as a compelling one.

This is a problem both for religious people and for a society which can allow, as Glover does, only intellectual and emotional argument. Questions such as "What is life for? What are we about?" have been ruled out of court. They are, however, essential to such life and death issues as abortion, euthanasia, and the taking of civilian lives during wartime. If in fact no appeals to common belief can lead to a movement away from a climate in which abortion is for all practical purposes simply another form of contraception, those who oppose it must begin to argue on grounds which the secular society finds uncomfortable.

Perhaps some common ground can be found; perhaps it may be possible to limit abortions to cases involving at least some difficulty beyond the desire not to have a child. Even this seems to me unlikely, and would not satisfy most pro-life or any pro-choice people. The argument does come down, in the end, to values, even religious ones: if life is inherently of value, that value must have been conferred by something or someone other than the human beings who welcome it or fail to be welcoming. If value is something that only human beings confer, then the pro-choice point of view must ultimately prevail.

Finally it involves much more than argument. For reasons that have to do with much more than the abortion issue, believers must show in the way they regard others (including their opponents in this and other areas) that humanity has a divine vocation. If the issue is a lost cause it may not be because we have failed to advance better arguments, or because the arguments of the other side were superior, but because we have allowed religion to degenerate into churchiness, and have not understood it as something which is worthless if it is not a transforming reality.

JOHN GARVEY

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LISTENING TO HIROSHIMA'S SURVIVORS

City of myth & reality

RACHELLE LINNER

WHEN HE VISITED HIROSHIMA in 1981 the Swedish diplomat, Olaf Palme, spoke of it as being "both myth and reality" because no "woman or man on earth can be insensitive to the very names of Hiroshima and Nagasaki." Because no one can be insensitive to those names and because the reality of those cities are scenes of gruesome suffering and death, there have been accretions of myth to muffle the cries of those who died begging for water, of those who died without being consoled by parents or spouses, of those who died when they plunged into the Ota River to cool their charred flesh.

There are stark and powerful images that Hiroshima has bequeathed to the world: the skeletal remains of what was once the Industrial-Promotion Hall, now preserved in its bombed state as the A-bomb Dome, a reminder of the consequences of nuclear war and a plea for peace; the Memorial Cenotaph, shaped like an ancient Japanese farmhouse, a shelter for those who died, their names resting in the black stone coffin beneath the Cenotaph; the stone steps of a bank embedded with the shadow of a person sitting there that morning who was evaporated by the intense heat of *Gembaku*, the atom bomb; the rusted watch, its hands forever fixed at 8:15, when the cargo carried by the *Enola Gay* from Tinian Island was exploded over the Aioi Bridge, ushering in an age that many fear will end with the world plunged into darkness.

When Pope John Paul II spoke the eloquent words of his "Appeal for Peace" at Hiroshima's Peace Memorial Park in February 1981, he repeated, as a litany, the sentence, "To remember the past is to commit oneself to the future." Remembering has been Hiroshima's self-imposed obligation, its vocation. Once a military city unknown outside of Japan, Hiroshima did not return to anonymity after the war. Instead, it was reconstructed as an international city of peace that has become a mecca, not only for the famous political and religious leaders who have visited, but for the thousands of ordinary citizens throughout the world whose hours there are a pilgrimage to the place which was the first to know atomic death, a remembrance of the past to embody hope for the future.

Areas of rebuilt Hiroshima are indistinguishable from large, prosperous cities in any industrial nation, but its physical and spiritual heart is the landscaped Memorial Park, once the hypocenter, and now a restful oasis where visitors and residents listen to the silent witness of its many monuments.

Hiroshima's present population of 900,000 (nearly double its wartime size) settled there in its years of postwar expansion, but the city's power stems from the approximately 90,000 "hibakusha," survivors of the atom bomb, who returned to their homes from rural evacuation sites and hospitals, and who in many ways have labored for forty years so that there will be "No More Hiroshimas, No More Nagasakis, No More Hibakusha."

The word hibakusha translates literally as "explosion-affected person (or persons)" but has come to mean, with all the intimations of courage the word evokes, survivor. Worldwide there are 370,000 hibakusha, and legally that status is granted not only to those who were in Hiroshima or Nagasaki, but to anyone who entered the cities during the two-week period when radiation levels were high, people searching for relatives, or medical and military relief workers.

Since March 1957 when the first "A-bomb Medical Law" was passed, hibakusha living in Japan have had a means of financial and medical assistance. These benefits are administered as a "special social security measure." But for many years hibakusha groups and the city governments of Hiroshima and Nagasaki have sought the "completion of A-bomb relief measures" under the national indemnity clause, a critical distinction, because present measures are "charity" for "victims." A change in funding would acknowledge that hibakusha have suffered forty years of radiation-induced illnesses because their government began a war in 1941. (Under the terms of the 1952 San Francisco Peace Treaty, the United States is exempt from financial liability.)

Korean and American hibakusha have suffered an added

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isolation. There are approximately 30-40,000 Korean hibakusha "hidden in the valleys," many of whom were in Japan as forced labor. An estimated one-and-a-half million Koreans were sent to Japan to work in deep mines and in road and tunnel construction to replace men sent to the front. (The 1904 Japanese invasion of Korea resulted in the severe military and cultural oppression of Koreans, including not only the taking of their land with the consequent upheaval of a largely agricultural nation, but forced changes in religion, customs, names, and clothing.)

There are approximately 1,000 American hibakusha, citizens of Japanese or Korean ancestry who now live in large West Coast cities. They had been trapped in Japan in 1941 (many were visiting relatives or receiving part of their education there when the war began). Unable to return to the United States, to which they remained intensely loyal, they lived first with suspicions that they were spies and later, for those in Hiroshima and Nagasaki, there was the additional suffering of having endured the atomic bombings. Repatriated in the late 1940s, these American hibakusha have been denied any government support. Annually since 1972 legislation has been introduced to provide limited financial assistance for medical costs, but Congress has never approved any of these modest bills.

In 1977 Japanese physicians began biannual trips to the United States to perform examinations, laboratory tests, and provide consultation reports to physicians of American hibakusha. Their 1979 trip coincided with the incident at Three Mile Island. When the physicians landed in San Francisco they were besieged by reporters anxious to learn about the delayed effects of radiation exposure, questions prompted by the immediacy of self-interest that had never before been extended to hibakusha during their many years of illness.

One reason hibakusha travel through the world, speaking eloquently and simply of their experiences, is to heighten such self-interest: it is all of us who will be victims if there is another nuclear exchange. Their stories are told in the Soviet Union and the United States not to engender pity or incite guilt but to remind us that if those weapons are unleashed from their silos, "the living will envy the dead." They give voice to pain-filled memories so that, in learning from their experience, we will be spared the necessity of learning from our own. They speak passionately because their intense desire for peace is born of their unique knowledge of war.

More people were killed in the March 1945 firebombings of Tokyo than in Hiroshima and Nagasaki combined. The destruction wrought by "conventional" weapons had, by the summer of 1945, left more than a hundred Japanese cities in ruins, destroying both Japan's physical and psychological ability to conduct the war. But Hiroshima and Nagasaki evoke a different power from that of Tokyo, London, or Dresden. Their bombs were different. They were different not only in the enormous destruction caused by a single bomb in one moment of time, but because of the radiation which was their as-yet-scientifically-unknown quantity. "Little Boy" and "Fat Man" are unique weapons for they have continued to claim victims year after year. Those who survived acute radiation sickness suffered and died from leukemia and other blood disorders, multiple myeloma, solid tumors of the thyroid, breast, lung and stomach, cataracts, keloid scars (the result of thermal burns, keloids are scars so thick they can cause underlying muscles to atrophy; because of cellular changes that affect healing abilities, keloids, unlike scars from normal burns, recur after multiple procedures), and perhaps most tragically, the severe physical and mental retardation that has afflicted the youngest hibakusha, those who were exposed *in utero*.

Within days Japanese scientists knew the nature of the powerful new weapon, but shocked and injured hibakusha — although they might have heard of the name radiation — could only ascribe magical powers to the bomb. They articulated their terror in the rumors that spread with the rapidity of the fires that destroyed their wooden homes. They said that their city would be uninhabitable for seventy years. They said that anyone who had been there would be dead within three years. They said that nothing would grow again in Hiroshima's soil.

The reality proved different. Despite the rumors, people began to return within weeks to live in shacks hastily constructed from tin or other salvaged materials. Fearfully watching for signs of radiation sickness, grieving for those who died but deprived of the comfort of ritualized mourning, hungry, fearing the American Occupation, they nonetheless began to recover, restoring social and service structures, and rebuilding their lives. Rather than the expected barrenness, that autumn a transformation caused by radiation led to an abnormal, frightening yet verdant growth of horseweed, sometimes as tall as a person, which when cooked provided a filling, if unpalatable source of food.

THE IMAGE of radiation exposure has fed many myths about Hiroshima. The most intransigent is that Hiroshima is a city of "death in life," an image promulgated by psychiatrist Robert Jay Lifton. Lifton spent six months in Hiroshima in 1962 and interviewed seventy-five hibakusha, some anonymous, others known because of their writing, government and medical work, or peace activism. He also studied newspaper articles about hibakusha concerns, and examined novels, poetry, film, and autobiograpical accounts about the A-bomb experience.

Death In Life was published in 1967, a massive, tightly argued study that cannot, obviously, be summarized in a short space. Still, it is an important book to re-examine because Lifton's analysis has been accepted uncritically by many who have written about Hiroshima these past two decades.

Lifton argues that the suddenness of the bomb and its massive effects led to an abrupt shift from normal life to "an overwhelming encounter with death," a "death imprint" that, instead of fading, is reinforced by public events (nuclear testing, the annual August 6 commemoration, debates about the city's reconstruction). The bomb "initiates . . . the sense of a more or less permanent encounter with death."

Lifton found that hibakusha, as with survivors of all disas-

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ters, natural or human, relied on certain psychological mechanisms, including shock and "psychic numbing," which allowed them to escape, and justified their survival in the face of the deaths of hundreds of gruesomely wounded people. An inability to save loved relatives led hibakusha to feel "guilt, self-condemnation and shame" which, along with fears of radiation contamination led them to feel "tainted with death."

Despite economic and social discrimination, hibakusha returned to their city. They reconstructed it physically. They reshaped their lives. Unalterably changed by the experience of the bombing, they deepened their efforts to give meaning to suffering and the fact of their survival. The emotion of self-condemnation which Lifton argues led hibakusha to view the dead as the only "pure" people in Hiroshima, developing such a strong "identification with the dead" that in their own eyes and in the eyes of others they became "the living dead"; his characterization of hibakusha as being marked by unfocused anger, depression, psychosomatic symptomatology, paranoia, resentment, and a suspicion of all assistance as being "counterfeit nurturance": these bear scrutiny.

In actuality, people behaved with greater courage, self-sacrifice, and active involvement than Lifton's arguments would suggest. There were heroic efforts made to organize necessary relief efforts: by August 7, fourteen emergency and fifty-three temporary orphanages were opened; thirty-three food distribution centers became operative by August 12; and by August 14 arrangements had been completed to house 15,000 injured.

There were also individual acts of heroism. In 1983 Hiroshima's daily newspaper, the *Chugoku Shimbun*, published an English translation of its photographic history, *The Meaning of Survival*. Included in the narrative of destruction were small dramas of compassion: "Teachers died trying to protect their students. An elementary school girl, fleeing the disaster, offered her lunch, saying, 'I'm going to die; give this to your little girl.' " Like the sparse, evocative lines of haiku, these acts are a counterpoint to the raging fires and pain. All hibakusha testimony, whether written or oral, stresses the incidents of human kindness they credit with their survival.

Lifton emphasizes but tends to belittle the hibakusha sense that they were used as "guinea pigs" in a scientific experiment, a suspicion that, particularly in early years, was reinforced by the callous attitudes of American researchers at the Atom Bomb Casualty Commission (ABCC). Established in 1947 to study the delayed effects of radiation exposure, ABCC was intended to be a strictly research and diagnostic (rather than treatment) facility. Its pathology program was especially resented by hibakusha because of the intense pressures brought to bear on families to allow autopsies, a practice alien in Japan. (In 1975 ABCC was dissolved and replaced by the joint U.S.-Japan Radiation Effects Research Foundation, RERF.) It can be argued that Lifton's efforts, admirable as they were in

CONTRAST IN DISASTER

THE TALE OF TWO CITIES

"The rage of Hiroshima and the prayers of Nagasaki" is the phrase used to denote the different public responses of Buddhist Hiroshima and Christian Nagasaki to the atomic bombing.

Kokura, not Nagasaki, was the intended target of the second bomb. But on the morning of August 9 it was obscured by a cloud cover, and so the B-29 *Bocks Car* proceeded to Nagasaki, the alternate site, and the plutonium weapon "Fat Man" was exploded over the largely Catholic Urakami district.

Hiroshima has been more aggressive in remembering the events of August 1945, and the city has become a symbol for the end of one era and the beginning of another. Geographically flat, Hiroshima was totally obliterated when the bomb exploded over the center of the city (90 percent of its physical structures were destroyed, and what concrete buildings remained standing were shattered inside). The plutonium weapon used in Nagasaki had more explosive power but it dropped on a hilly area. Two-thirds of the city (and a larger percentage of its population) escaped destruction.

Hiroshima has taken on an identity as an international city of peace (which some have criticized as a morbid attachment to the past) while Nagasaki has remembered its bombing in a more subdued manner. One reason for Hiroshima's strong postwar identity is that although it was an important military and industrial center, it was relatively unknown outside of Japan. Nagasaki, however, was an important port city, a cosmopolitan center of international trade.

It was also the center of Japanese Catholicism, the first area to be proselytized when Saint Francis Xavier landed in the sixteenth century. In a city whose faith was intricately bound to experiences of martyrdom, the atom bomb was seen as an act of God, its victims offered as a sacrifice of repentance for the violence of the war.

Kodansha International has recently released a superb English translation of *The Bells of Nagasaki* by Dr. Takashi Nagai. A physician and devout Christian, Dr. Nagai has been called "a mystic of peace." His many writings established him as a significant spokesman for Nagasaki hibakusha before his death from leukemia in 1951, and led to what observers call a passivity among Nagasaki hibakusha. That attitude has been unalterably changed by the highly significant 1981 visit of Pope John Paul II, the first pontiff to visit either city, and his ringing declaration that war was an *act of man*, not God.

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exploring aspects of Hiroshima's story that had previously been neglected, attempted on the psychological level what ABCC did on the physical. Lifton's profession (the Japanese do not accord psychiatry the respect we in the West do), style of interviewing, personality, and presuppositions affected his findings. What is more, Lifton interviewed hibakusha during a period of heightened international tension and an increase in nuclear testing, one that saw a bitter ideological rift within the Japanese peace movement in which many hibakusha were involved.

Lifton suggests that hibakusha experienced "a vast breakdown of faith in the larger human matrix supporting each individual life, and therefore a loss of faith (or trust) in the structure of existence." If he found that to be true in 1962, then the evidence in 1985 is all the more remarkable. Rather than turning from the human community or the community of nations, hibakusha have become vulnerable by their work in Japan, and especially by their extensive travels throughout the world. In a vital way they give strength (and receive it) from the growing worldwide movement of opposition to nuclear weapons, extending to other nations Japan's profoundly anti-nuclear consciousness.

IN HIS introduction to *Atomic Aftermath* (an anthology of short stories about Hiroshima and Nagasaki), Kenzaburō Ōe writes: "The fundamental condition of life, then, is that we are assailed by overwhelming fear yet, at the same time, beckoned by the necessity to rebuild hope, however difficult, in defiance of that fear." In Hiroshima, Ōe found models of authenticity and courage who serve to inspire not fear, but hope.

It is this deeper meaning of Hiroshima that Lifton not only obscures but sullies, crippling both hibakusha and those who would, and must, learn from their stories and the witness of their living. *Death In Life* is a seductive book because it is well-written and argued with the voice of authority. It has been accepted, in part, because it confirms our worst fears about nuclear war, and feeds an atmosphere of despair that permeates even the peace movement. In recent years when the nuclear debate has focused attention on the myriad results (from ecological to medical) of our numbed reliance on these suicidal weapons, the numbers and power of which make Hiroshima and Nagasaki look like mere needle points, it is ironic that the knowledge of hibakusha is relegated to the margins. Too often it is not their words but Lifton's conclusions that are cited as testimony. Tainted not by death but by facile rhetoric, hibakusha are perceived with pity, curiosity, or sentimentality. Yet they must be listened to not out of fear or from a desire to confirm pet theories, but with the silent reverence evoked by people who have endured great suffering, the luminous contours of whose story could begin to heal our nuclear paralysis.

Over and over hibakusha say, "It is war we hate, not Americans," a phrase that has come to symbolize "the spirit of Hiroshima," an achievement not of quiet speculation, but of years of effort to transform rage into compassion and to acknowledge their own complicity in the wars of the past. The tears shed in Hiroshima and Nagasaki are the same tears shed in Manchuria and Shanghai, in Bataan and Korea.

There is an inscription on the Cenotaph that reads LET ALL THE SOULS HERE REST IN PEACE, FOR WE SHALL NOT REPEAT THE EVIL. In 1962, in response to the increase in nuclear testing, one hibakusha, Dr. Ichiro Moritaki (then a professor of philosophy at Hiroshima University), sat silently "with the dead of Hiroshima" for twelve days. One day a child came to him and asked, "Can you abolish nuclear weapons by sitting?" And it became, Dr. Moritaki says, "the great question of my life." He answered with a phrase: "the chain reaction of spiritual atoms will overcome the chain reaction of material atoms."

The chain reaction begun at the University of Chicago and perfected at Los Alamos birthed an age that has affected all people of the world. But there is also a chain reaction begun when the first hibakusha returned to their city. Their persistence has led to a commitment by hundreds of thousands to abolish nuclear weapons. Hibakusha have gathered and nurtured that chain reaction with a wisdom born of tears and pain, paying homage to those who died but also bequeathing hope to us who, as yet untouched by the fire they know, must spare the world of further and greater Hiroshimas, greater Nagasakis.

Joan Rohr Myers

Foggy Morning Run

The fog is white
spilling trees and all sorts
of houses before me.

Strangers almost
these bungalows settling
like opals,
like old women's bodies

vaguely defined
under layers of cotton
they are trying to slip off

but still in the haze
of dresses and stockings
they are slow
to step into the sun.

Leaves fall like lace
to their feet, like something
they needed but now rise above.

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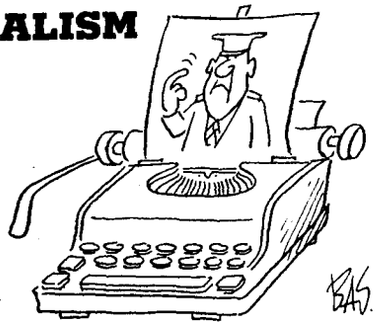

A precarious freedom

WILLIAM STEIF
& TOM MECHLING

GWEN LISTER and Ken Best seem to have very little in common. For one thing, they live 2,500 miles apart — Lister in Windhoek, Namibia; Best in Monrovia, the steamy capital of Liberia.

Lister is a blue-eyed blonde, thirty-one who's married to a computer expert and has a five-year-old son. She is a South African who grew up in Cape Town, attended university there, and went to work as a reporter at Windhoek's main daily newspaper, the *Advertiser*, eleven years ago.

Best is a greying black man, forty-seven, who lives with his wife Maegene, four children, and three nieces and nephews in a house on Monrovia's outskirts. He graduated from Liberia's Cuttington College, worked several years for his government, got a master's degree in journalism at Columbia University, worked at Gannett Newspapers' *Rochester Democrat and Chronicle* seven months, then returned to Monrovia to the Liberian Information Ministry until he was offered a job at the All-African Council of Churches in Nairobi. He remained in Kenya nine years, but he returned to Monrovia in May 1980 to publish and edit his own daily newspaper.

Lister's and Best's paths have never crossed. But today they are both victims of an ailment afflicting most of the African continent: the effort of governments, whether in black or white-controlled Africa, to suppress the free press. The effort has succeeded in the cases of both Lister and Best. Neither can practice journalism in her or his home area today.

Lister, interviewed at Windhoek last year, knew then she was in trouble. She was arrested in 1983 on a return trip from Paris, after covering a UN-sponsored conference on Namibia. She was detained at the Johannesburg airport for carrying "seditious documents," the most offensive being the constitution of the South West African People's Organization (SWAPO). The SWAPO constitution contains a clause urging "armed struggle" against the South African occupiers of Namibia. Lister was detained two and a half hours, then allowed to proceed. She heard nothing for eight months.

But one day in early 1984 two South African security police served her with a summons to appear in court. She was charged with importing and failing to declare "seditious documents," and went on trial in a suburban Johannesburg court in May 1984 expecting to be found guilty. To her surprise, she was acquitted. She promptly flew to Lusaka, Zambia, to cover a conference on Namibia for the *Windhoek Observer*, the weekly she'd worked for since 1978. She filed detailed reports for the paper. Those issues of the paper were immediately banned for containing material "prejudicial to state security."

Her real sin, she noted last year, was that in 1978 she had left the *Advertiser* when that paper's editor, Hannes Smith, refused orders from the paper's new owner to support a political party favored by South Africa. Smith started his own weekly paper, the *Windhoek Observer*. Lister and Smith were both highly critical of South Africa's role in Namibia. Together, the two and a part-time sports reporter put out Namibia's liveliest paper, whose circulation soon grew to 9,000, Namibia's largest. They didn't cater to the Afrikaner rulers of a sparsely populated territory twice the size of California. In the first half of 1984 South African authorities banned — that is, barred distribution of — eight editions of Smith's weekly, though later they relented on five. The two May issues with Lister's reports from Lusaka remained banned.

Lister reports that "the police worked on us in other ways. They raided my house when I was working for the BBC. They deported the BBC team. My phone was tapped under an emergency zone decree that lets the police go into any house from Windhoek north to the Angolan border. I get threatening phone calls, but they have an effect the reverse of what's intended. I just speak out the way I feel."

By mid-1984 South Africa's Directorate of Publications placed a permanent ban on the *Windhoek Observer*, claiming it was dangerous to public morals and state security. Three weeks later the Publications Appeal Board lifted the ban in an apparent deal. Smith agreed to deposit $12,000 with the South African administration to forestall further sanctions (the deposit was exacted under South African security laws, the first time ever such a deposit was required of a Namibian paper and presumably will be lost if Smith's paper is banned again), and Gwen Lister was demoted.

Lister's demotion, which amounted to her being fired, provoked a storm at the *Observer*. The business staff resigned in protest, and Smith has been putting out the paper himself. He told a South African reporter "Gwen Lister will never write another line of politics in her life." Lister thinks the Afrikaners

WILLIAM STEIF & TOM MECHLING are journalists recently returned from a trip reporting on African politics and the press.

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finally have buffaloed Smith. "There's just crime, no politics at all," said Lister of recent editions of the weekly.

BEST'S DAILY in Liberia, also called the *Observer*, caught on quickly in the euphoria that followed the enlisted men's coup led by Master Sgt. Samuel K. Doe in April 1980. Best said he did the same things he had done at Rochester, New York, in 1967-68. "We were reporting the news," he said. "I had been dreaming and planning to put out the paper since 1978. Liberians had been ready for a long time for an independent paper. There was none. Maegene and I sometimes would work until 5 a.m. getting the paper out, go home for a couple of hours of sleep and come back to work."

They first found out how tough publishing an independent daily was going to be on June 29, 1981 after printing a story that offended Doe, now known as Head-of-State-Commander-in-Chief Dr. Samuel K. Doe (South Korea, which sold Liberia military supplies paid for by the U.S., gave Doe an honorary doctorate from the University of Seoul, though Doe reportedly does not have a high school diploma). On that date Best, his wife, and nine staffers were carted off to Monrovia's Military Post Stockade. The four women staffers were jailed for four days, the men ten days. "We were out of business for a month," said Best.

In November 1981 Best's paper published an "open letter" from a native of Guinea, one of Liberia's neighbors, to Guinea's late tyrannical president, Sekou Toure. The letter was written by a young Guinean teacher who, like thousands of his countrymen, had taken refuge in Liberia. It called on Toure to permit free enterprise in Guinea. Best had had the letter a month before deciding to publish it. He said, "There comes a time when you have to stand up."

Best was arrested and taken to the post stockade for nine days. Doe's Justice Ministry accused him of "defaming a fellow head of state."

Best, whose father was a Trinidadian, recalled with a smile that "1982 was a good year. Nothing happened to me."

But in August 1983 his paper ran a photo of a rutted upcountry road and a caption below the photo that said, "BAD, BAD Road." "The government took exception and out of a clear blue sky the Justice Ministry sent a bus load of policemen and ordered us to close," says Best. "We were shut for two weeks. The irony is that a week later the Public Works Ministry apologized for Liberia's bad public roads." Of 6,268 miles of roads, only 366 are paved.

In mid-January 1984 Doe's People's Redemption Council — the military men who run the Liberian government — took Best to court, claiming his paper "misquoted" the Head-of-State-CIC. Best was fined $1,500.

Ten days later a front-page headline of Best's paper reported that Liberian teachers had not been paid for months. The front page also ran a photo of Israeli President Chaim Herzog and his wife visiting Monrovia. Liberia had just become the second black African nation (after Zaire) to re-establish relations with Israel. But the paper's photograph of the Herzog visit and its welcoming editorial were not considered adequate news coverage by the Justice Ministry when paired against the report on teachers' wages. The Justice Ministry ordered Best's paper closed and filed suit to revoke the paper's articles of incorporation on grounds of "defamation of the government's character." In a related move, BBC correspondent Willis D. Knuckles was arrested and jailed five weeks for reporting the closing of Best's paper.

Best fought his charter revocation in court and finally won in late summer 1984. He immediately began publishing the *Observer* again — its 8,000 to 10,000 circulation made it Liberia's largest daily — until Jan. 16, 1985, when Justice Minister Jenkins Scott ordered the paper closed indefinitely. Scott's reason: A story of labor unrest was "played" higher than a statement by Doe. Liberia is scheduled to return to civilian government in January 1986, and the *Observer* outspokenly urged a return to democracy and a multi-party system. There is only one political party in Liberia now, Doe's. He wants to keep it that way. Best is out of business.

THE STORIES of Gwen Lister and Ken Best are not isolated instances. They are part of a continent-wide pattern that has only one or two bright spots.

One is PANA, acronym for Pan African News Agency, based in Dakar. The Senegalese regime is more liberal than most African regimes and its capital provides better technical facilities than most, said Alfred E. Opubor, chairman of Lagos University's communications department. Opubor is a senior advisor to PANA, having taught seven years at Michigan State before returning to his native Nigeria.

Opubor said PANA was funded by UNESCO and various African nations. It began transmitting a 6,000-word report, half in English, half in French, to six African countries in May 1983. A year after its debut PANA had increased its news output to 25,000 words daily going to thirty-nine countries. In all, about seventy stories daily are sent out, two-thirds in French, the rest in English. PANA's director-general is Cheick Ousmane Diallo of Niger, and Opubor, who set up and ran the Nigerian News Agency from 1978 to 1982, is optimistic that PANA will improve Africa's journalistic tone.

A second bright spot is Egypt, Africa's second most populous nation. There President Hosni Mubarak has driven hard to create a Western-style democracy, with its concomitant free and opposition press. Four Moslem fundamentalist publications have been permitted to resume publication, and opposition politicians such as Fouad Serag El-Din, chairman of the New Wafd Party, commend Mubarak's approach. A Western analyst in Cairo said: "Mubarak has made very impressive efforts on the path to democracy. There's been a general liberalization, an easing of the social tensions that led to disorders against the (minority) Christian Copt community, and stimulated the Moslem extremists who assassinated Anwar Sadat. The Egyptian press has never known greater freedom."

But that's the exception. The trend in Africa is in the opposite direction.

In Nigeria, Africa's most populous nation, the military

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government which ousted civilian rulers at the end of 1983 has clamped down harder and harder on a hitherto free press.

The *Guardian*, privately owned and probably Lagos's best daily, reported in April 1984 that two of its editors and a senior diplomatic correspondent had been arrested and held in prison because the *Guardian* had the temerity to publish a true story: the reshuffling of Nigeria's ambassadors.

Nor were threats confined to large, influential dailies. In the same week as the *Guardian* crackdown, the military governor of Akure State ordered the jailing of Idowu Odeyemi, editor of a provincial paper, the *Premier*, because "certain stories irked" the governor.

In late April 1984 Nigeria's military government issued a decree saying a military tribunal would try anyone "who publishes in any form, whether written or otherwise, any message, rumor, report, or statement . . . which is false in any material particular or which brings or is calculated to bring the Federal Military Government or the government of a state or a public officer to ridicule or disrepute." Radio and TV stations were also covered. Under the decree, Nigerian authorities could jail journalists for up to two years, as well as close news outlets for twelve months or levy fines of at least $13,000 for so-called inaccurate reporting. The decree was retroactive, permitting journalists to be detained for articles written before the decree's promulgation.

This decree and a companion measure have chilled the once lively press of Nigeria. The *Guardian*'s Tunde Thompson and an assistant news editor, Nduka Irabor, both served a year in prison before being freed, and at least five Nigerian journalists continue to be jailed for violations, although none has been formally charged or tried. The Military rulers also "call in" editors and reporters for long questioning sessions.

In Kenya in March 1984 the ruling KANU party took over the *Nairobi Times*, the country's only independent, African-owned newspaper, and began publishing it as a party newspaper. Soon afterward the assistant editor of Nairobi's *Sunday Standard* was taken into custody; treason charges against him had just been dropped in court, but under Kenya's National Security Law an editor can be held indefinitely without charge or trial. He remains in jail, as does Otieno Mak'onyango, former president of the Kenyan Journalists Union, who was first detained in August 1982.

In Malawi a number of journalists have been forced into exile recently and the managing editor of the *Times* of Malawi was fired for giving too much prominence to the defense case in a treason trial. The editor-in-chief of the *Times* of Zambia was "suspended" for criticizing what he considered improper use of Japanese grants-in-aid. In Sierra Leone the editor of the *Progress* was arrested and detained for writing an article which caused a diplomatic row with Liberia.

Uganda released four jailed journalists in late January 1985, but kept seven others in prison. Typical case: John Owino, of the Ugandan News Agency, was arrested in spring 1984 on trespassing charges, though it's believed the real motive for his arrest was his critical reporting of army movements against Ugandan insurgents. Owino remains in jail.

In the Sudan journalists were regularly arrested under the regime of Gaafar al-Nimeiri, deposed by the Sudanese military in April 1985. One Sudanese journalist, Abdel Latif Omer Hasaballah, was sentenced to death in early January of this year but was later granted reprieve after recanting his opposition to Nimeiri's imposition of the Shari'a — Islamic law — on the nation. Hasaballah, former editor of a Sudanese daily, *Sahafa*, was first arrested in June 1983. Held without charge or trial until December 1984, he was released and then rearrested with four other persons for distributing an anti-Shari'a pamphlet. The five refused to recant. Nimeiri hanged one of them — and the other four recanted. Hasaballah was freed but rearrested again on February 15, 1985 on unspecified charges. Whether Nimeiri's successors will be any more willing to tolerate dissent than the deposed dictator remains to be seen.

Even in Senegal, relatively free by most African standards, the editor of *Le Politicien*, modeled on France's famed *Canard Enchainé*, was fined two hundred thousand Central African francs (about $500) last year for poking fun at the newly resigned head of the Senegalese National Assembly.

IN SOUTH AFRICA, government pressures often tend to be more subtle than those of the black African nations. Yet they produce the same kinds of repression. After three years of enforced silence, for example, South African journalist Joe Thloloe returned to work on the *Sowetan* in January 1984. He had served more than a year for possessing a banned pamphlet. Allister Sparks, a South African who is correspondent for the *Observer* in the United Kingdom and for the *Washington Post*, was charged with violating his country's Internal Security Act and Police Act by quoting Winnie Mandela, the banned wife of imprisoned African National Congress leader Nelson Mandela. The charges came seven months after police searched Sparks's home, confiscating his typewriter, telex messages, and news clippings.

South Africa is also learning to live without the daily newspaper which probably covered the race story there best, the prestigious *Rand Daily Mail*. It ceased publication at the end of April 1985 because it was losing money.

The South African government keeps careful watch on all newspapers. According to Salie de Swardt, an assistant editor for *Beeld*, a Johannesburg-based Afrikaans daily, "We can't put a picture of a jailed person in the paper." He adds, "We're not allowed to quote banned persons," and there are laws governing articles about military matters and "strategic materials," such as oil. Yet both English-language and Afrikaans-language papers have learned to live with their government's strictures. The trick is to publish quite different newspapers each day for their two audiences, whites and blacks. On a typical day, for instance, the *Johannesburg Star*'s white edition will carry a front-page story and photo of three former South African beauty queens—white, of course—"all wearing their years beautifully" at a gala ball. The same space in the *Star*'s "African" edition, sold in Soweto, is occupied by a photo and story about teenagers—black, of course—"hearing about the structural violence perpetrated by the System."

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The discipleship of equals

ELISABETH SCHÜSSLER FIORENZA

AFTER THE festive opening of the Vatican Council in October of 1962 I sought to share my excitement and hope with a friend who, like me, was a graduate student in theology. To my great shock she looked at me over her glasses and replied, "I am not interested in what a bunch of old men will have to say; it will not have any significance for me but will just re-assert their power and repeat their condemnations." At the time I could not comprehend her unwillingness to expect any good to result for women from the council.

The council seemed to prove her wrong. The bishops who gathered in Rome took seriously Pope John XXIII's vision of a "pastoral" council that would not condemn but would encourage; that would "open the windows" so that fresh air — the spirit of life — could blow through the church; that would set free the church's energies for advancing God's reign of truth and justice, love and peace. The past twenty years proved that these were not just lofty words, but that they were acted upon by countless Catholics, especially by women who have come to experience a new self-identity as women and as church. While the council taught us to value our human and Christian dignity and rights, the women's liberation movement enabled us to act upon them. As we reflected upon our own experiences as women engaged in the struggle for liberation, we developed a feminist theological perspective that recognized domination and dehumanization in any form as structural evil and personal sin.

However, in view of the repressive actions in recent years against theologians of the first and third world, against clergy and nuns in politics, the ban of girls from the altar and of women from preaching, the investigation of bishops, the punitive reaction of SCRIS (Sacred Congregation for Religious and Secular Institutes) against the nun-signers of the *New York Times* ad, the institution of the Marshall commission to investigate seminaries and theological schools especially with respect to women as students, faculty, and spiritual directors, and countless other attempts to silence responsible dissent in the church, I often wonder whether my friend might have been right after all and I might have been wrong all along. For many women committed to the renewal of the church, excitement seems to be turning into disillusion; hope is endangered by despair. The silent "exodus" of women from active participation in the Roman Catholic church will continue if the coming synod does not recognize that the hierarchy, especially in the Vatican bureaucracy, has failed to implement the teaching of the council on human rights and dignity within the institution of the church.

Liberation theology has reminded us that history and its interpretation is written by the historical winners. Since women will have no voice in the reinterpretation of the council at the synod, it is important to write our own interpretation of the council's impulse and reception among the people of God who are women. Although the last twenty years were a period of struggle, women have most faithfully sought to put into praxis the spirit of the council for the benefit of the whole church. To be sure, this would not have happened if the women's liberation movement and if the conciliar movement for the renewal of the church had not coincided. Women's

THIS IS THE third in a series of articles focusing on questions that remain unsettled and sharply contested in the church two decades after the Second Vatican Council. In the June 21 issue of *Commonweal*, Gregory Baum reflected on the conciliar mood of optimism and its aftermath. In the July 12 issue, Avery Dulles looked at the council's divided approach to the exercise of authority in the church. Future articles will deal with questions of Catholic identity, moral theology, the life of prayer, and related themes. *Commonweal* is publishing this series in anticipation of next November's extraordinary synod.

THE EDITORS

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struggle for the renewal of the church in the spirit of the Gospel strengthened women's struggle in society for justice and truth, and vice versa.

Already before the council Pope John recognized that women's struggle for justice and wholeness ought to be recognized by the church. In his encyclical *Pacem in Terris* the pope remarked that "the signs of our times" are: the economic and social advancement of the working classes, the equality of colonial peoples and races, and the participation of women in public life. The more we women become conscious of our human dignity, the more we must claim the rights and duties which accord with this dignity as human persons. Just as women and men suffering from the evil of racism must claim their rights as signs of their dignity, so all women must insist that others have the duty to recognize and value women's rights.

Although the pope spoke only of the entrance of women into public life, the council applied this to the participation of women in the church: "Since in our times women have an ever more active share in the whole life of society, it is very important that they participate more widely in the various fields of the church's apostolate" (Decree on Apostolate of the Laity III, 9). *Gaudium et Spes* proclaimed: "Nevertheless with respect to the fundamental rights of the person, every type of discrimination, whether social or cultural, whether based on sex, race, color, social condition, language, or religion, is to be overcome and eradicated as contrary to God's intent" (29). After having stated that "by divine institution Holy Church is structured and governed with a wonderful diversity," the Dogmatic Constitution on the Church went on to say: "Hence there is in Christ and in the Church no inequality on the basis of race or nationality, social condition or sex," and it quotes Galatians 3:28 in support of its statement (32).

IN THE PAST twenty years women in the church have taken these words of "the Fathers of this most sacred Council" seriously. Consistently we have insisted that women be acknowledged as human and ecclesial subjects rather than objects of power. We have applied the teachings of the council also to the institutional structures of the church and have maintained that our human *and* ecclesial dignity and rights are violated by institutionalized sexism. The credibility of the church and its proclamation of salvation depends on its rejection of domination and violation of human rights in its own life and structures. As the 1971 synod of bishops so succinctly states: "While the church is bound to give witness to justice, it ["she" in the original] recognizes that anyone who ventures to speak about justice must first be just in their eyes. Hence we must undertake an examination of the modes of acting, of the possessions and lifestyle found within the church itself [herself]" (Justice in the World, 40).

Yet the call to conversion from ecclesiastical patriarchy has met with increasing rejection by the Vatican. While women have denounced the structural and personal sin of patriarchal sexism and have claimed our ecclesial dignity, rights, and responsibilities, the Vatican has appealed to the authority of

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Christ, the apostles, and tradition in order to legitimate patriarchal church structures that exclude women from sacramental, doctrinal, and governing power on the basis of sex.

This struggle for women's ecclesial dignity and rights is more than a struggle to incorporate a few token women into the lowest ranks of the patriarchy in and through ordination. The women's ordination movement in the U.S. has theologically articulated why the struggle for women's ordination is not a

FINDING OUR VOICES

GRASSROOTS 1985

FOR MANY American Catholics, 1984 was a year when certain issues loomed particularly large — abortion, the role of religion in the presidential election, the bishops' economics pastoral. For me the giant issue of 1984 was the question of *voice*. Who, if anyone, has a voice in the Roman Catholic church? The question, in fact took a more specific form thanks to the Ferraro-O'Connor clash over abortion, the discussion of the proposed American pastoral on women, the "feminization of poverty" described in the economics pastoral, and the Vatican's threat to expel from their orders the women religious signers of the *New York Times* ad on Catholic pluralism and abortion. What voice, I was asking myself at the beginning of 1985, do women have in the Catholic church?

I began a search for women's voices — began it out of personal necessity. As a university speech teacher who had spent twenty-five years helping students find their voices, as a parent educating four children (three of them daughters) as Roman Catholics, I was frightened by the specter of voiceless American Catholic women. I began speaking to Catholic women not as a theologian or sociologist, but simply as another Catholic concerned about where the church is going.

The women I contacted fell into three groups. Women religious whom I knew to be forward-looking about woman's place in the church. Women from a wide variety of social and economic backgrounds with whom I had in common a single awesome responsibility: the education of our children as Catholics. Finally, members of various ministries — liturgy committees, confirmation classes, commissions on peace and justice, prayer groups.

I asked everyone two obvious questions: "Do you believe you can participate in some manner in the decision-making processes of the Catholic church and, if so, how?" And, "What do you think of women being ordained priests?" I asked the members of groups whether women's issues ever took the stage during their meetings. I sought opinions on the threatened expulsion of the twenty-four ad-signers; I sought opinions generally on women's issues in the church. For three months last spring I pursued as many opportunities for discussion as possible. I harvested responses from more than seventy-five women from nine states — from urban and suburban housewives as well as from professionals; from peace activists and women religious; from women returning to high school and to college after having raised their children. Responses came from women who have no time or energy for women's issues, social issues, or any kind of issues, as well as from women whose primary concern is reform within the church. Responses came in all sizes and styles, ranging from unqualified expressions of support for the twenty-four ad signers to the half of a high-school equivalency class who thought that women should be presidents but not priests. Everyone with whom I spoke wished for some voice in the affairs of the church.

The revelation of these conversations came not from the answers per se but from the manner of answer, the rhetoric of response. The voices I heard almost invariably bristled with frustration, often sparkled with independence, but rarely reflected hope.

- *"The psychic pain of dedicated people trying hard to bind up the church again is mind-boggling."* (Peace activist in California.)
- *"Whose needs is the church answering? . . . I grow sour and tired listening to men preach about things they can't know about. That they never ask what we think is an insult to our intelligence."* (Nurse and mother of three, Westchester County, New York.)
- *"What I learned in college and what I'm finding in parish work are in direct contradiction."* (Fordham University graduate student in religion.)
- *"I was taught that one's talents were gifts of the Holy Spirit. What if your talent is the gift of the intellect? What I find in the church is intellectual aridity."* (New Jersey mother of five and part-time writer.)
- *"How do you raise five children in the church, earn a Ph.D. in religion – and then bail out?"* (Paraphrase of a response from a Connecticut theologian.)

OF THESE more than seventy-five responses, there were but six tentative expressions of hope. "Women are doing more in the church," said a Brooklyn mother, originally from Peru, now studying for a high school diploma. "We are bringing a list of what we want to the big Hispanic meeting in August in Philadelphia." "Change from within, although slower, may be more permanent," suggested an Indiana hospital administrator and mother of three. "If women's patience and understanding continue to hold the vision, it will finally be achieved." Hope focused, then, on women's continuing search for a voice in the church.

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struggle for the incorporation of some women into the pyramid of domination, of "authoritative ministry" exercised by "fathers" from the top. Instead we have called for the conversion of the whole church to the discipleship community of equals which Jesus initiated, the apostolic churches continued, and Vatican II reaffirmed. The expression "the ekklesia of women" or "women-church" seeks to bring to consciousness that women are church and always have been church. It re-

At this point in history, if there is an outstanding, articulate voice among American Catholic women, it is the collective voice of women religious leaders. They are being heard despite hierarchical preference that they be hushed. Before my 1985 search for women's voices began filling in some historical gaps, I hadn't realized that the Leadership Conference of Women Religious had been formed in 1956, well before Vatican II. Six years prior to the council, this organization of the superiors of women's religious orders in the U.S. had stated these goals: to articulate a theology of religious life; to educate for justice; to study, pray, and act on behalf of women; to meet with other groups; to develop leadership. The debt owed these women for their generous, gracious leadership over the past quarter century — not only in service for justice and peace, but also in the reform of hierarchical practices within their own communities and in the overcoming of their own voicelessness — is incalculable.

BUT THE NEXT step, it seems to me, must be the laity's. We find ourselves at the bottom of the hierarchical pyramid which is the church's present governmental structure and, by virtue of this very fact, have the least to lose. Can we too find our voices and speak in support of non-authoritarian and non-sexist church structures? Can we transform passive reactions of anguish and anger, sometimes harbored quietly since Vatican II, into "the active voice"? Not that change isn't already implicit in the hundreds of parishes now administered by women religious or married deacons or lay people. "In the South and West, women are running parishes," one of my exceptional hopeful respondents noted. (Only this year did I learn that besides the Women's Ordination Conference, there also exists an organization, Priests for Equality, whose membership has been drafting a letter entitled "Towards a Full and Equal Sharing," to be published next December on the twentieth anniversary of the close of Vatican II.)

To my mind, however, a key avenue to voice is the phenomenon of small groups emerging among American Catholics. Prayer and service to the needy are their most common reasons for existence. Charismatic groups have played a part; in discussing them, Archbishop Mugavero of Brooklyn noted, "Small prayer groups have been very successful in bringing people together. . . . It is a personal, individual way to deepen the awareness of the church, of the meaning of the Spirit." Then there are Pax Christi groups, Peace and Justice Commissions, the strong involvement of Catholics in freeze and peace groups. Acronyms proliferate: NETWORK, ARRCC, WATER, BWOC, CHIPS, LIWOC. So do narrative names: Quixote Center, Catholic Good, Call to Action. All attest to a grassroots network of Catholics, frequently working in interdenominational settings, concerned about a variety of problems, and determined to give voice to those confronting these problems.

The experience of a group to which I belong is probably not untypical. First convened as a thirteen-week Ignatian home retreat several years ago, eight women elected to continue meeting once a month for prayer and discussion. But when a small number of dedicated individuals attempt to direct voice and action to spiritual growth, peace, or the needs of the disenfranchised, our experience indicates they fairly trip over the sexism implicit in church structures. A woman religious in Illinois involved in spiritual direction had responded to my questioning with a similar observation: "When people looking for God are called to freedom, the next inevitable step in the pattern becomes concern about women's issues in the church." All over the country small groups have become vocal groups. Our own Brooklyn group, in reaction to last year's controversies about abortion, politics, and women in the church, has now developed an offshoot, called Another Voice, to address itself, through open membership, information-gathering, invited speakers, and letter writing, to women's concerns in the church.

American Catholics may have learned to say, "Yes, Father" in parochial schools; they may have learned that passive resistance was the only practical way to deal with *Humanae Vitae*. But they have also been through the ritual which my third daughter experienced on the Feast of Pentecost this year. In the vocabulary of her own confirmation class, they have received the "sacrament of courage." That may explain why, from theology Ph.D. to high school equivalency student, no one used evasive language in answering my questions. I was reassured. There was every evidence of great desire and need to use an active, positive voice about the church and not, as the current vernacular has it, to "talk with one's feet." Despite their frustration, those with whom I spoke were not looking for exit signs but avenues for dialogue.

MIMI D'APONTE

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claims the human and ecclesial authority of women, the majority of whom are triply oppressed by racism, poverty, and sexism.

Does women-church misinterpret the mandate of the council, when it insists on the human rights of women and indicts any structures of domination and exploitation? When one looks at the documents to find what the "Fathers of the most Sacred Council" — as they called themselves — had to say about the exploitation, marginalization, and oppression of women in and outside the church, one finds very little. Looking up "women" in the index to the English translation of the conciliar documents I have found but five entries, not counting those under nuns, virgins, or widows. True, in its closing messages the council addressed women, but it expressed its message in the lofty theology of saving "womanhood," an expression long recognized as the romantic creation of androcentric ideology.

More importantly, if one is sensitized to masculine exclusive language and verse in analyzing patriarchal structures, it is painful to read even positive theological statements of the council such as: Christians are sons of one Father who have received a spiritual patrimony. The members and leaders of the church are "he" and God has called them to serve him in universal brotherhood. Therefore the Christian fellowship may let its fraternal love shine before all men. The church is she. As the bride of Christ she is subordinated to her head, represented by clerical fathers.

Yet it would be anachronistic to read the council documents of the sixties in the light of our heightened consciousness of the eighties. Whether such grammatically masculine language is to be understood as exclusive of women can only be decided after we have ascertained whether it functions in the interest of a patriarchal church. If the November synod has to discuss what should be done "so that the church's life will continue to develop according to the spirit and *letter* of Vatican II" (emphasis mine), then it must question whether the letter promulgates a spirit of the council that is exclusive of women.

In order to adjudicate this question one must ask: Did the council intend to promote a patriarchal church when it spoke of the ruling power of the exclusively male hierarchy characterized by superordination and subordination, dominance and control? Or did the council seek to avoid such a misunderstanding when it redefined ordained ministry as service, when it defined church as the people of God rather than male hierarchy, and when it stressed that Jesus Christ instituted a variety of ministries "for the nurturing and constant growth of the People of God"? "Sacred power" entrusted to bishops is not dominating but enabling power "so that all who are of the People of God, and therefore enjoy a true Christian dignity, can work towards a common goal freely and in an orderly way, and arrive at wholeness [salvation]" *(Lumen Gentium* III, 18).

Again, to expect to find the issue of patriarchal structures explicitly mentioned in the council's documents would be anachronistic, since at the time such feminist theological questions were not yet articulated. However, if that is the case, one must ask whether the synod will be able to preserve the spirit *and* the letter of Vatican II, or whether by following the letter we will lose the spirit. The priority of the spirit over the letter ought to be clear "for the letter kills but the spirit gives life" (2 Corinthians 3:6).

What was the life-giving spirit set free by the council that has in the past twenty years allowed women and other marginalized and silenced members of the church to reclaim their Christian dignity and responsibility *as* church? The council's emphasis on church as the pilgrim people of God was prepared by the biblical, liturgical, and Catholic action movements that had fostered the participation of all the baptized. The biblical language, allusions, and images of the conciliar documents — even though their language is androcentric — evoke a participatory model of church that is not an end in itself, but serves the realization of God's intention in creation and redemption. The stress on collegiality and mutual service for the building up of the "body of Christ" sought to engender a transformation of the monarchical pyramid into a circle of the discipleship of equals. The stress on freedom of conscience, the rights and dignity of the human person, social responsibility, and mutual support envisioned a dialogical community of adult Christians with different gifts and vocations but with a common commitment.

Although many council texts stress the hierarchical nature of the church and the ruling power of the clergy, the council was also clear that the church in virtue of its mission and nature is not bound to any "particular form of human culture, nor to any political, economic, or social system" *(Gaudium et Spes* IV, 42). Feminist theology has amply demonstrated that the structures of the church are derived from patriarchal Greco-Roman structures of household and state and that therefore the church as an institution is not bound to them.

Moreover, the council stressed that because the church has a visible and social structure, it can and ought to be enriched by the development of human social life. "The reason is not that the constitution given it [her] by Christ is defective, but so that the church [she] may understand it more penetratingly, express it better, and adjust it more successfully to our times" *(Gaudium et Spes* IV, 44). Feminist theology has elaborated

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that the beginnings of the church are best understood as a discipleship-community of equals.

FINALLY, the council taught that the Gospel is entrusted to the church of Christ "which proclaims the freedom of the children [sons] of God, and repudiates all the bondage which ultimately results from sin. The Gospel has a sacred reverence for the dignity of conscience and its freedom of choice, constantly advises that all human talents be employed in God's service and that of human persons [men]" *(Gaudium et Spes* IV, 41). In the face of such a statement how is one to explain the constant refusal of ecclesiastical leadership to employ women's talents and spiritual gifts in the liturgical service of God and the ministry of the church?

Although the church has never ceased to be the sign of salvation on earth, the council acknowledged that throughout history there has been a great cleavage between the message of the church and the failings of those to whom the Gospel is entrusted *(Gaudium et Spes* IV, 43). I have sought to point out one great cleavage between the message of the church on human rights and Christian dignity and the failings in this regard of those to whom the Gospel is entrusted. This failure to acknowledge within the church's structure the full human and baptismal potential of women not only robs the Roman church of its full catholicity, but also jeopardizes the ecumenical dialogue among Christian churches, and legitimizes the dehumanization of women oppressed by racism, poverty, and colonialism engendered by societal patriarchy. It hinders the coming of the "hour of women" which was announced at the close of the council: ". . . the hour in which woman acquires in the world an influence, an effect, and a power never hitherto achieved." Can the institutional church afford to lose the influence, effect, and power of women "pregnant with the spirit of the Gospel"?

One might object that I have engaged in a selective reading of the conciliar texts and that, for example, Cardinal Ratzinger's selective reading might very well consider "women's rising consciousness in a patriarchal church structure" as one of the "errors, abuses, or exaggerations of an indiscriminate opening to the world," since women in traditional theology were identified with the body, the flesh, the world, and even sin and evil. Yet the council did not share this view of women, but rather called on women "to bring the spirit of this council into institutions, schools, and daily life." Women have faithfully sought to fulfill this commission of Vatican II. We women have sought to bring the spirit of the council into theological schools, convents, and all levels of church ministry so that the church could practice what it preaches; we have sought to live the Gospel in slums and *favellas*, in political action and academic inquiry; we have sought to create institutional forms that respect and foster the dignity, self-identity, justice, and love of women and all those marginalized in the church. We have called for the conversion of the whole people of God, and worked for the liberation of the church from its patriarchal captivity. Women in the church have actualized the participatory model of church. We have lived church as the discipleship of equals that advances God's reign of justice and love in all dimensions of life.

The criterion for evaluating whether the spirit of the council is correctly interpreted and applied was articulated by Pope John XXIII at the opening of the council: The church "considers that it [she] meets the needs of the present day by demonstrating the validity of its [her] teaching rather than by condemnations . . . It [she] opens the fountain of its [her] life-giving doctrine which allows people [men] enlightened by the light of Christ, to understand well what they really are, what their lofty dignity and their purposes are"; and finally, through its members the church spreads everywhere the fullness of Christian love because "nothing is more effective in eradicating the seeds of discord, nothing more efficacious in promoting concord, just peace, and the sisterly [brotherly] unity of all."

Art

POWERFUL PORTRAITS

MILLET'S VISION OF WOMEN AT WORK

THEY ARE SWATHED in silence, Millet's women. And the silence that surrounds those country peasants is as appropriate to them as is the music-hall bombast that animates Toulouse-Lautrec's women of the night. In the pastoral landscape of Normandy, the birthplace and childhood home of Jean-François Millet (1814-1875), a hush permeates the rocky hills, the flat fields, and those who live there. It is only natural that the spoken word is spare; most of the figures presented in the collection from Boston's Museum of Fine Arts (a significant portion of it shown at the IBM Gallery in New York City, June 11-July 27) are solitary. Alone, they are positioned in direct relation to nature.

Millet's sensibility requires the viewer to pause, to look, and to hear quiet sounds. In *Woman Watering her Cow, Evening*, a woman's wooden clogs suck against the mud as she leads her cow to a stream. Hear the slurps of water and the beat of goose wings flapping on the embankment overhead. The woman, standing close enough to the animal to form one large triangular shape, silently extends the reins as night falls.

Mutely, the sun and moon keep time. The sun does not march in Millet's pastorale; it crawls, almost slinks, as peasants toil steadily from the first rosy hint of sunrise. Women—alone, in pairs, and alongside men—plant potatoes, harvest buckwheat, shear sheep, card and spin wool, knit, fill water jugs, feed children and animals. Women lug huge piles of faggots on their shoulders at sunset and baskets of wash by moonlight; they slouch over mending by candle light. An exhausted couple stretches out in the hay of harvest in *Noonday Rest*, an action which completes the relentless pattern of nature: work, work, work, rest.

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While Millet painted his quiet scenes in Barbizon in the summer of 1849, the Industrial Revolution banged and bellowed its way into France, irreversibly altering the landscape. Peasants swarmed into Paris; the population doubled within thirty years; and economic crisis worsened.

Did Millet consciously choose to elevate the peasants to the status of memorialization in art? Was his choice of peasant as subject part of his own progressive politics—as the work of his contemporary, Gustave Courbet, explicitly was, and as liberal defenders of Millet have suggested? Or did Millet's themes illustrate a conservative retreat from the turbulence of revolution, political as well as industrial, to the memories of his own secure boyhood? Nineteenth-century critics as well as contemporary ones are divided. Art historian William Fleming describes the phenomenon of naturalism as a retreat back to nature. "That segment of the population which lived in cities and dreamed of an idyllic country life they had no intention of living . . . hung . . . peasant scenes by Millet on the walls of their apartments." While this description may explain the popularity of Millet's work (at least in the later years), and the number of purchases of his work by Bostonians immersed in the ideals of Emerson, it can scarcely explain the phenomenon itself. Kenneth Clark takes a different view. He calls Millet a revolutionary and describes his work not as "naturalism" but as "social realism."

During his own lifetime, Millet's work was accepted or rejected on the basis of several differing ideologies. For example, advocates of self-government (as opposed to monarchy or theocracy) recognized that their position depended upon establishing the nobility of "the people." They saw in Millet's work the human face of poor laborers, and consequently interpreted his art as a form of social criticism. Aristocrats, distressed by the social malaise, as well as disillusioned peasants who had left the fields for the factories, longed to preserve a lifestyle increasingly jeopardized by mechanization, urbanization, and the destabilization of revolution.

Two figures from The Gleaners, *ca. 1855-56.*

Members of the latter group were attracted to the sheer beauty of Millet's portrayal of rural life, despite the poverty and harshness of his depiction of nature. But those aristocrats who were in a position to judge art rejected the more disturbing portrayals of suffering workers. *The Gleaners* and *The Faggot Gatherers*, for example, show women brutalized by labor, just as *Man with a Hoe* and *The Vineyard Worker* present men as victims of work. In early studies of the harvest, Millet positioned three women, stooping to collect straw, close to a group of other harvesters reaping the summer crop. But in the etching of *The Gleaners*, and the subsequent painting, Millet *distanced* the three women from the employed workers and thereby presented them as destitute scavengers. The liberals found this to be a scathing commentary on current laws restricting the rights of gleaners. Conservatives attacked the bitterness of the composition. Similarly received, *The Faggot Gatherers* is a brittle presentation in which the women's bodies are drawn with the same vertical lines which make up their wooden burdens, and which compose a bleak winter background of leafless, seemingly lifeless tree trunks.

Curiously, to present the dignity of the laborer and the nobility of work, Millet insisted upon picturing primitive hand tools. He painted a young woman (*Standing Spinner*) at her spinning wheel, a machine which had long been obsolete. The value of labor seemed to require for Millet the sweat of the laborer's brow, virtually unaided by modern technology. Millet insisted on this one anachronism although railroads had already begun to link major European cities, and Brooklyn Bridge was under construction on the other side of the Atlantic.

The importance of Millet's presentation of the rural woman worker stems in part from the fact that the agrarian society which he detailed predated the breakup of the household as the primary working unit for both women and men. Millet's art bears no reference to the segmentation of women, men — and for many years, children — into separate labor forces within the industrial workplace, nor does it refer to the problems this created and which contemporary workers have inherited. Instead, Millet's visual presentation of rural life evokes stability, integrated routines, and an environment of rustic beauty. Under the influence of Dutch mannerists, Millet presents women teaching children to sew, knit, and read; babies sleep beside working parents; and many paintings focus solely on the land itself. In this world the work of women and men was of a piece, equally necessary and accomplished together for one overall purpose: to see the crop through its cycle.

When I first saw the Millet exhibition in Boston, I was struck not only by the quiet beauty and powerful simplicity of the workers, but by the number—over half of the total collection—of portrayals of women at work. Taken as a

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whole, the images of women workers reveal physical strength, a profound lack of sensuality, and serenity in solitude.

I reflected upon how important physical strength has become for many women today, and of our efforts to regain it. Strength is part of our heritage, developed naturally by women who churned butter and harvested hay, but lost by modern sedentary living. Millet's women workers are models of feminine strength.

Millet's women are subjects. They do not appear as objects, and hence, never as sex objects. They do not even exude the sensuality often found in art. Yet they are consistently, unmistakably beautiful. While I have no quarrel with sensuality, either in life or in art, I found refreshing the absence of the sensual dimension. The loveliness of Millet's women clearly does not depend upon it. Particularly against the negative portrayal of women in so much advertising, Millet's women embody a beauty seldom held up to the public.

Finally, a long look at *Young Shepherdess Seated*, one of the largest canvasses Millet painted, illustrates not an exhausted rest, but a serene repose. Painted in a somewhat classical style, face toward the front, features muted, the woman sits on a mound above the surrounding landscape, a dark figure against the glow of light coming from behind. The woman is more mythically represented than portraiture would allow. And the hands, so crucial to Millet's peasants at work, lie in her lap upturned and idle. What might Millet's image of the working woman in serene repose teach women who labor today and who are seldom swathed in silence?

KAREN SUE SMITH

Screen

SUMMER ENCOUNTERS

FROM HERE TO ETERNITY

TO REVIEW all adventure movie releases this summer, a critic would need the energy of Indiana Jones, the ruthlessness of Conan the Barbarian, the sagacity of Obi-Wan-Kenobe, and the technical know-how of E.T. (who, incidentally, has returned here from home). Possessing only some of these, I here focus on the best of the out-of-this-world, weirdo-wacko material now on view — the movies that care enough to combine theme and action and enrich their magic with some substance.

In *Cocoon*, director Ron Howard manages less surprise than in his *Splash*, but still fuses his fascination with water and a snappy, inferential mode of telling a story to produce a successful adventure comedy. The story bravely tries to link old age and the "E.T." motif; some wags have even called it *Close Encounters on Golden Pond*. For Howard the key is the pond; his real outer space is underwater, and in *Cocoon* as in *Splash* he uses symbolism and striking photography to suggest rebirth and renewal.

Cocoon's plot involves a group of extraterrestrials (here, as in last winter's *Starman*, in human shape) and their offer of a fountain of youth to a set of beautiful geezers. The elderly are played by such veterans as Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn, Maureen Stapleton and Don Ameche (who is rejuvenated enough to do a suave breakdance), and principally Wilford Brimley, that icon of beer-bellied American authenticity who confronts in full the possibility the E.T.s raise: escape from infirmity to a kind of eternal life. As he says to his grandson (in every film, Brimley seems to have one, attached like a limb), "They don't have youngsters where I'm going, and baseball games and hot dogs, and I guess I'm gonna miss them."

Tackling the subject of age is brave, and some of Howard's scenes of heart attacks and death are touching. But *Cocoon*'s magic solution to these issues doesn't seem potent, even as fantasy. The movie expresses America's difficulty in coming to terms with aging — or, more precisely, aging prolonged far longer by medicine than nature may have intended. But all *Cocoon* can do is fantasize sweet escape. At least Howard looks at the subject, and perhaps clears the way for more realistic treatment by another.

Howard's synaesthetic blend of water, light, magic, and love has been termed "lyrical humanism." A better term might be secular baptism. Howard started as Opie in *Andy Griffith*, and seems to have retained some elements of his native Southern culture. For his own growth as a director, perhaps he should take his interest in water toward less escapist ends, like a film on saving the whales. The excellent use of dolphins in *Cocoon* holds that promise.

BACK TO THE FUTURE saves from a fate worse than boredom: a summer without a Spielberg movie. Although directed by Robert Zameckis, the film bears Spielberg's imprimatur as executive producer and embodies his by now characteristic blend of fantasy, realism, and Americana. Here the fantasy involves no extraterrestrial spaceship, but a time machine that accidentally lands a 1980s teenager named Marty (Michael J. Fox) back in the fifties where he affects his parents' lives in comically Oedipal ways. *Back to the Future* constitutes the best, sweetest revision of the 1950s to date: here you can sip the spirit of the American past straight through the straw of its ice cream sodas. It manages to make one long for the banal simplicities of that era and even grieve over the passage of time.

The film manipulates the standard Spielbergian setting, the small town of Hill Valley, California, where Marty discovers, in place of an eighties aerobics center, an old luncheonette where he starts the time-travel jokes by asking, with comical results, for "Pepsi Free" and then a "Tab." The plot goes wacko shortly after when Marty meets his nerdy father, whom he addresses as "Dad," amending it in mid-phrase to "Daddio." Unfortunately, Marty also meets his Mom (Lea Thompson), a nubile seventeen, who "gets the hots" for him. Seen in the film's prelude as fat and dowdy in later years, Marty's mother and her sexual aggressiveness become the source of the film's high camp Freudian comedy. The comedy

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is gentle, however, rather than charging modern adults with hypocrisy. *Back to the Future* registers amusement at human inconsistency — and the amazement of simply discovering that one's parents *had* sex lives. The comedy brings together, rather than divides generations. As Marty's mother complains when he warns about smoking, "Really, you're beginning to sound like my mother."

Back to the Future contains several defects, the most subtle being an unintentional racist suggestion about where fifties' blacks got their progressive ideas. It relies overly on some trashy "nerd" jokes, humor which is annoyingly predictable and heavy-handed. Worse, the initial eighties' segment is developed at a gruesomely slow pace, a characteristic problem with all Spielbergian films set in America (as opposed, for example, to *Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom*). Director Zameckis (formerly of *Romancing the Stone*) seems to need plenty of room to map out his terrain, but risks losing a viewer after about twenty minutes.

Fortunately, the weak opening is worth waiting out. The initial, seemingly trivial references eventually recombine in the plot climax. Like his master, Zameckis is too loving of American detail not to slurp the soda to the last drop. For all its faults, *Back to the Future* is this summer's best family film, in all senses of the term.

THE EMERALD FOREST ranks as the best serious adventure film in some time: despite *Greystoke* and *The Bounty*. The film concerns the Amazon, and specifically the troubles of an American engineer (Powers Boothe), who directs the construction of one of the world's largest dams but whose young son is kidnapped by jungle Indians and kept in captivity for a decade. The film is directed by John Boorman (of *Deliverance* and *Excalibur*), who again uses lush but savage natural scenery as apt background for provocative melodrama and his obsession with humanity's attempt to conquer nature.

The Amazon is still Nature, with a capital letter: it is one of the last places on earth where biology reigns supreme, a huge rain forest that supplies 30 percent of the world's oxygen. Its rapid technological development has alarmed many environmentalists and anthropologists — the latter because paving the Amazon means uprooting most of the hunter-gatherers still functioning in freedom.

The Emerald Forest does not dwell on the politics of development — the Brazilian side of the story, so to speak — but focuses instead on what the engineer and his son learn from primitives, thus echoing early seventies' films such as *Little Big Man* and *A Man Called Horse*. There is a typically wise, gentle Indian leader who comments with stone-age *sagesse* about how he rules: "If I told a man to do something he did not want to do, I would no longer be chief."

Despite these echoes, a sprawling plot structure, and lame passages, *The Emerald Forest* contains enough surprises to sustain interest. The first involves the father and son: when they are reunited, things don't evolve as one might expect. The second is (believe it or not) a *Blue Lagoon*-type love story: the son becomes enamored of an Indian girl (here played by a Belem high school student one generation removed from the jungle). In the film's best scene, when the son must ritualistically steal her away from her father's hut, he drags her out but can't bring himself to clobber her unconscious (as she expects) with a cartoon-like stone-age club. Annoyed at his vestigial chivalry, she stomps her feet and seethes under her breath, "Do it right!"

The most impressive aspect of *The Emerald Forest* is the forest itself. Boorman scatters some vista shots throughout the film — boring views of greenback hump after greenback hump — to suggest the vastness of the place. Fortunately, he also filmed its underside, and there reveals its tangled, twisted, garish beauty. Like Carroll Ballard (*The Black Stallion*, *Never Cry Wolf*), Boorman has an intuitive sense of nature as one of the world's great battlefields. Perhaps, like Ballard, he will eventually learn to use its silence to temper the excess noise in his storytelling and to purify his protest into poetry.

THE BEST SCIENCE movie this summer involves not fiction, but fact. *The Dream Is Alive* is the new entry of the Smithsonian National Air and Space Museum at local museums around the country (such as the Museum of Natural History in New York). It replaces *To Fly*, the early large-screen film produced by Canadian Graeme Ferguson for what is called the IMAX projection method. With a giant screen, and with startlingly clear cinematic images, the effect of *To Fly* was to provide the viewer with the actual feel of rapid movement through air, as if one were seated on the nose of a plane. It was the biggest visual roller coaster ever invented.

Ferguson's *The Dream Is Alive* might have been better titled *To Float*. It documents flight aboard the Space Shuttle, providing gem-like views of earth from outer space that far outdo in visual spectacle any still photograph. Indeed, the film, shot by the astronauts, proves Kubrick a prophet and Jackson Pollock a realist. *The Dream Is Alive* resembles *2001* in its view of space's static beauty, and resembles action painting with its images of earthen landmasses as long swaths of hidden geologic tensions. Some views of the Po and Nile valleys, in particular, are breathtaking.

At times the beauty of *The Dream Is Alive* is disorienting, but in a different way from *To Fly*. We experience not dizziness, but surprise and shock when the top of a frame is a brilliant sapphire blue and seems to represent sky. But here it's earth (or at least sea); the dark foreground isn't land, but the opacity of space. The sun comes down in the film, not up.

Unfortunately, *The Dream Is Alive* has defects. The eighty-pound IMAX camera, although weightless in space, was bulky, and the cameramen (and women) amateurs. Only forty minutes long, there are too many scenes of mission control in Florida or Houston. Finally, filming in space often had to be halted at critical moments (one featured rescue of a failing satellite lacks climactic power because the astronauts had too much to do). The film was extremely difficult to make. Despite these drawbacks, and however one feels about the military uses of space, the film itself is literally spectacular.

TOM O'BRIEN

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A NAME FOR LOSS

MEMORIALS OF VIETNAM

BY THE TIME this appears in print, we will be some months beyond the tenth anniversary of the fall of Saigon. At the time I write this, *Newsweek*, *Time*, Dan Rather, Tom Brokaw, and even, God help us, David Hartman and Phil Donahue have all told us that the war was a national tragedy, that it left scars on the national self-consciousness that may last for decades, and that it is a nightmare from which we can still not awaken and Blah. Blah. Blah.

But that is not the point. The tenth anniversary of the fall of Saigon does *not* matter because Saigon was *always* — and we all knew it — about to fall.

"Vietnam" is not a metaphor for arrogant national ambition, nor a key-word for misplaced national generosity, nor a code-name for national trauma. It is, simply, a name for loss.

Unlike the First, Second, and even Korean Wars, there will never be an appropriate date to celebrate the "end" of the Vietnam War, because it never really ended. For those of us who lived through it on the twin battlefields of Vietnam and Amerika (remember when it was spelled that way?) and, one hopes, for those who come after, the war in Vietnam is not so much a historical detail as it is a *state of consciousness:* terrifying, and like all terrifying things, humanizing.

Think about the Vietnam Monument in Washington. As originally designed, it would have been an abstract, triangular, black formation with the names of the war dead inscribed. Nothing else, and that nothing else would have been brilliant. For it would have reminded us of another great response to war, Hemingway's epochal diminution of language in the face of the carnage of World War I in *A Farewell to Arms*. There, the protagonist Frederick Henry reflects on the words we usually use to glorify war.

"Abstract words such as glory, honor, courage, or hallow were obscene," Henry says, "beside the concrete names of villages, the numbers of roads, the names of rivers, the numbers of regiments and the dates."

This is not cynicism, but a lyrically humane response to the dehumanization of war when it is fought for Grand Causes.

Of course, the V.F.W. and the American Legion protested the Vietnam Monument as designed, and insisted that there be beside it a heroic statue of a few soldiers. And, since those organizations have a rather better-organized lobby than the poets, they got their wish. Once again — as in all countries — public policy failed to keep pace with that deep level of national self-consciousness which we call, in shorthand, art.

But this time it was a little different. The photo of the flag raising at Iwo Jima or the film, *The Best Years of Our Lives*, can never become clichés because they are testaments to, icons of, a war fought for a *truly* Grand Cause (although Norman Mailer, Joseph Heller, Kurt Vonnegut, and Thomas Pynchon have all articulated the pacifist position that even *that* war, from the viewpoint of the victim, was pointless and wasteful; so, of course, did Gandhi). At least in the case of World War II, our public memorials in their grandiosity seem somehow congruent to what both Churchill and Eisenhower referred to as a "Crusade."

Vietnam was sometimes referred to as a crusade also; and the clash between those two applications of that solemn word is as jarring as the clash between the heroic/noble statuary at the Vietnam Monument and the silent, challenging black slab adjacent to it.

We thought — or wanted to think — that the war in Vietnam was the equivalent of World War II, not just ethically but strategically. One Defense Department White Paper after another insisted that this guerrilla war could be fought as if it were a conventional conflict: they were all written by a group of intellectuals we used to refer to as "McNamara's Band." LBJ, tragically trapped in a retrospective dream of FDR and the High Crusade, was reliving the epic days of 1942 the way George III, in his last days, would sometimes awaken from slumber to shout, "Are my American colonies still loyal?" And nineteen-year-old kids were dying in panic for a reason no one could quite make clear.

On the one hand, a large black slab with the names of the dead; on the other, a craggily heroic sculpture of noble young men alert in the cause of freedom. The Vietnam Monument, in its internal dissonance, is a metaphor, and maybe a perfect metaphor, for the psychic dissonance which was and is that disastrous episode.

"What I mainly remember is the noise," said a colleague of mine who flew helicopters in the Nam (I wasn't there, so I don't have the right to use that phrase, but he was, so he does). Noise: you can see only one thing at a time, but you can hear everything at once. And if you do hear everything at once, and if it's loud enough, it can drive you crazy. Think about the first thing we hear in *Apocalypse Now*: the incessant pocketapocketa of the helicopters. Think about the outrageous noise level of the Vietnam scenes in *The Deerhunter*. Think about—yes—*Rambo*.

How could Francis Coppola, Michael Cimino, and even Sylvester Stallone so precisely have caught the spirit of that awful war when the V.F.W. and the American Legion so unfortunately missed it? Perhaps it has to do with the difference *between* monuments and poems, between the public consciousness as it chooses to pose itself and the cultural consciousness as it is compelled to express itself. I do not think Mr. Coppola and Mr. Stallone could bring themselves to agree on a single political issue about the war. But I know that they *do* agree about the central spiritual issue of the war: in *Apocalypse Now* and *Rambo*, Vietnam is a name for loss, and a name for loss from which we must recover or die.

The great truism about Vietnam is that the veterans of that particular obscenity have not been sufficiently honored or

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celebrated but have rather been treated like a national blight. That is not a truism because it is false or boring; it is a truism because it is true, and because like the point of the monument, it is hard to see. The public sector has been remarkably unsuspecting of the special agony of those who fought. Even the present administration, apparently on the brink of a disastrous foray into Nicaragua — this time we get to fight *with* the guerrillas — has managed little more than platitudes, paternal back-pats, and the kind of rhetoric Hemingway found so loathsome after Chateau-Thierry.

But if the public sector has been insensitive, the private sector — the storytellers, daydreamers, musicians, and filmmakers — have guaranteed that the memory of Nam has entered into our consciousness and into the structure of our myths.

Thomas Magnum of *Magnum P.I.* is a hardboiled detective. He is one of the many godchildren of Raymond Chandler's Philip Marlowe, and a worthy descendant at that. But Marlowe fought in World War I, and carried into this world the bitter virtues of private nobility and private honor and public cynicism that were the legacy also of Hemingway and Fitzgerald. Magnum, on the other hand, fought in and was traumatized by Vietnam. And he carries into his world — our world — the sense of disorientation, of gallows humor, of cosmic insouciance, that perhaps best characterize the members of that generation: not a lost generation — as Hemingway described his people — but the generation that shrugs.

The Magnum shrug and grin, in fact, is the dramatic equivalent of the black slab monument. It is, I suggest, the entry into maturity of a nation that has heretofore assumed, with all the virtues of adolescence, that it was incapable of doing evil. Bruce Springsteen catches the tone too in "Born in the U.S.A.":

> had a brother at Khe Sanh
> Fightin' off the Viet Cong:
> They're still there, He's all gone.

Vietnam taught us to shrug — the way you shrug when you hear your cat has been run over in the street, out of recognition of the inevitability of loss — but in teaching us that, it taught us, with luck, the moral perceptions that lie behind the cosmic shrug. "Sorry about that" — the Nam phrase that covered everything from a broken latrine to a twenty-four-hour firefight — has passed into the language and may, rightly read, be taken as a theological perception. As in *Amen*.

Even our technological myths have been transformed by the Vietnam experience. *Rambo, Blue Thunder, Magnum P.I.*, and any number of other films and TV shows feature ex-Nam soldiers who are also involved with the technology of the helicopter. And, as Colin Westerbeck, Jr. observed in one of his brilliant reviews in *Commonweal*, the helicopter is the technological icon of the eighties: beautiful, mobile, graceful, and deeply threatening. The fighter plane, the icon of World War II and of Korea, was unidirectional, fast, and sure of purpose. The helicopter — no, the chopper — the icon of Nam, is omnidirectional, ambiguous, and capricious. It is the technology of the shrug.

But one could multiply the examples beyond endurance. The point is that the *real* memorial of Vietnam is not on a field in Washington but in the presence the war exerts on our most intimate dream lives, our popular fantasies. The Vietnam vet, to our common shame, has been largely forgotten in the economy and in our national agencies. He will not be forgotten in whatever mythologies we leave behind us, for he suffered a kind of universal coming-to-consciousness which is also a universal awakening-to-emptiness which could be the beginning (according to the Christian and Taoist mystics) of spiritual adulthood.

It can be scant consolation to those poor men suffering unemployment, delayed stress syndrome, or just bad dreams; nevertheless, it is true that no lasting culture has failed to produce an epic literature based, not on its great victory, but on its definitive defeat, from the *Iliad* to the *Song of Roland* to *The Charge of the Light Brigade*.

In our stories and dreams, Vietnam deserves and has its timeless memorial. We were there. We always will be.

FRANK McCONNELL

Books: ARMY OF AMERICAN CRANKS?

THE SIMPLE LIFE
PLAIN LIVING AND HIGH THINKING IN AMERICAN CULTURE
David E. Shi
Oxford, $19.95, 340 pp.

Casey Blake

WRITING in 1918, Van Wyck Brooks despaired of ever finding a "collective spiritual life" in the "aberrant individualism" of America's "preeminent cranks." The very thinkers whose task it was to assimilate and reinterpret the conditions of modern life had produced only a hash of conflicting nostrums and crackpot reforms. "Every member of the vast army of American cranks has been the graveyard of some 'happy thought,' " Brooks complained, "which has turned sour in his brain because the only world he has known has had no use for it." Subsequent writers and historians have echoed Brooks's lament. When compared to European social thought, with its persistent focus on issues of class and state politics, American social commentary has always seemed suspiciously heterogeneous, if not downright flaky. While their European counterparts were telling readers to take to the streets, American critics were urging theirs to return to their plows. Simplicity, piety, virtue, and decency crop up again and again as the keywords of American jeremiads, alongside proposals for mod-

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est dress, dietary reform, single taxes, and the repopulation of the countryside. Who needed liberty, equality, and fraternity when graham crackers, exercise, and acres of available farmland beckoned instead?

Brooks's "army of American cranks" is the subject of David Shi's *The Simple Life*, a broadly synthetic study of American critics of luxury and modern decadence from the Puritans to Jimmy Carter. While Shi may be faulted for his tendency to stick to familiar territory (Emerson, Thoreau, and Gilded Age genteel writers receive yet more attention for their defense of republican simplicity, while Henry George, Dorothy Day, the Frankfurt School, and Zionist and black nationalist advocates of a return to the land are virtually omitted), and for all his reliance on previous scholars' work in the same field, his book is the most comprehensive survey to date of "high thinking and plain living" in American history. As such, it deserves attention not only from historians but from anyone who has ever shared its subjects' skepticism about the benefits of a culture of material abundance and conspicuous consumption.

The scope of *The Simple Life* is enormous, ranging from John Winthrop's first admonitions against mercantile extravagance and Samuel Adams's dreams of a chaste republicanism to the countercultural communards of the sixties and Carter's indictment of Americans' consumerist "malaise." Throughout, Shi explores the many tensions within the simple-life tradition's "core assumption that the making of money and the accumulation of things should not be allowed to smother the purity of the soul." Most importantly, Shi describes a conflict between those thinkers, such as the eighteenth-century Quaker ascetic John Woolman and the modern social critics Lewis Mumford and Scott Nearing, whose critique of luxury evolved into a consistent indictment of the costs paid by ordinary people for the luxury of the privileged, and those who interpreted simplicity as a "conservative moral idiom" to reinforce habits of deference and humility among the lower classes. For the latter, the threat to virtuous living came not from the rapacity of the market place, but from the masses' hedonism and rowdiness, which threatened the sober sensibilities of a republican elite. Carter's "crisis of confidence" speech, Shi notes, was the most recent example of this current of simple-life ideology, since it "implied that the national malaise was solely the result of individual selfishness and secularism," rather than of a consumer culture with deep roots in America's corporate economy. Like Herbert Hoover, whom he resembled in so many other ways, Carter saw no contradiction between his paeans to frugality and consumer capitalism.

Shi is quick to point out other contradictions in simple life ideas: between the "optimistic boosterism" of Jefferson's political economy and its hope of restraining full-scale capitalist development, between the "inward simplicity" that Thoreau observed in the lives of "low and primitive men" in the woods and the consciously chosen simplicity of the intellectual, and between the romantic individualist and bureaucratic currents of back-to-nature and decentralist thought in the Progressive and New Deal periods. Unfortunately, he ascribes all these conflicts to a general "gap between professed ideals and actual behavior" in Americans' pursuit of simplicity.

By doing so, he gives the impression that there was far less diversity in simple-life thought than his account suggests and that the persistent failure of that movement was due only to a hypocritical divorce of rhetoric and action. Where previous students of American culture would join the cult of simplicity to the agrarian ethos, Adamic individualism, and the image of the New World as a second Eden as central myths that have shaped American identity, Shi rejects such an approach as "essentially static and one-dimensional," since it treats ideas only in the "rarified" context of the imagination. Yet a focus on myth — or a neo-Marxist emphasis on "cultural hegemony" — offers a far more sophisticated explanation of the relationship between popular ideology and social life than Shi's tiresome refrain of the "gap" or "chasm" separating the two.

At its most successful, as in Shi's chapter on Jeffersonian economic thought, *The Simple Life* indicates how a firm belief in simplicity had the unintended consequence of producing its opposite, in this case the commercial revolution of the early nineteenth century. Earlier historians of American myths, such as Marvin Meyers and Richard Hofstadter, made similar arguments about the convergence of agrarian nostalgia and entrepreneurial ambition in the radical rhetoric of the Jacksonian period. And contemporary historians such as Eric Foner, Sean Wilentz, and Jackson Lears have followed up on their predecessors' methodological insights, even while challenging their conclusions.

As Foner and Wilentz have shown of late eighteenth-century republicanism, and as Lears has demonstrated in his study of late nineteenth- and early twentieth-century anti-modernism, dominant ideologies have developed so as to both spawn and contain competing radical challenges to the status quo. In the case of republicanism, artisans and mer-

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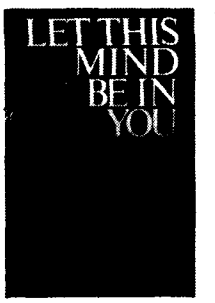

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chants appealed to a shared notion of "moral community" that simultaneously provoked critiques of commercial inequality and muffled their intensity. Lears's anti-modernists showed a similar ambiguity. For the most part, their protest of the ascetic "iron cage" of industrial capitalism set the stage for a new "therapeutic culture" of consumption. That sense of the subtle relationships between different strands of closely held beliefs, and of the ways in which those beliefs often fostered the very developments they sought to avoid, makes the histories of the older school of American Studies and its neo-Marxist successors such exciting reading. Despite its enormous wealth of documentation, *The Simple Life* never achieves a comparable level of interpretive sophistication.

Where Shi does succeed is in reminding us that there is nothing simple-minded about the simple-life tradition itself. "Hard-boiled" critics of all ages have parodied its advocates as fuzzy nostalgics in search of a pastoral era that existed only in their own minds. Such dismissals neglect "the beauty of elevating human aspiration beyond the material and mundane" that Shi rightly sees as the greatest legacy of that tradition. Far from seeking to escape the complexities of social life for an imaginary communion with nature, thinkers such as Thoreau and Mumford have forced us to confront the contradictions in the world that we have created to escape primitivism. Thoreau's challenge "to make the getting of our living poetic," like Mumford's call "to live a whole human life," is anything but nostalgic.

When all is said and done, theorists of simplicity have been far more concerned with the relations among human beings than with those between humans and nature. Critics of mass-produced images of selfhood and manipulated desires have again and again urged Americans to take responsibility for their own lives in conscious association with their fellow citizens. Such a goal may well seem illusory, given the current cynicism about any alternatives to "looking out for number one," but no one should misconstrue as simplistic its advice to forgo commercial artifice for the burdens of self-government. When they speak to the democratic promise of human community, advocates of the simple life are anything but cranks.

Creating a new form in fiction

FISKADORO
Denis Johnson
Knopf, $14.95, 221 pp.

Phillip Corwin

VISIONARY novelists are a rare breed, and seldom optimistic. Whether their pessimism is due to a personal crisis, to what they see as their immutable and involuntary membership in a doomed human race, to a feeling that the social class they represent is soon to become vestigial, or to the belief they are the abused orphans of an indifferent universe, is a matter for their critics to debate.

Denis Johnson's second novel, *Fiskadoro*, carries heavy intellectual baggage with it on the way to the literary forum, and invites this kind of philosophical debate. It is, indeed, about the doomed human race, and has grandiose pretensions. And yet, the nihilism and cerebral meanderings in this novel are almost *trompe l'oeil*. For what distinguishes *Fiskadoro*, ultimately, is an original, visceral prose style that assaults the conventional bastions of naturalism and approaches the creation of a new form in fiction.

To start with, Johnson has given us an ingenious collage of poetic, often melodramatic, happenings and situations, peopled with eccentric, semi-articulate, deranged survivors of a nuclear holocaust. There is no hope and no joy in this novel, and all of the author's considerable narrative skills have been used to emphasize the pointlessness of human survival. Yet the technique itself survives, as though, to borrow Yeats's metaphor, the dance survives the dancer.

> *One day they would all be dead. If today was that day, then everything was clear. . . . Now the white boat, or was it a cloud, came for the Israelites out of the fog of their belief. In all likelihood it was a ghostship, and the Israelites were ghosts, and the man standing at the bow was a ghost who had come for them, it was clear in the draw of this white, white vessel – unless the light happened to be playing tricks, it wasn't touching the water at all – clear from the majesty of it, the sense that it floats in the air and not in the waters of the world, floats in the heart of Allah, the Compassionate, the Merciful.*
>
> —Denis Johnson
> *Fiskadoro*

Fiskadoro takes place about seventy-five years hence, at the time of what is called "the Quarantine," when the Florida Keys are all that remain of the United States. The Keys are isolated from the rest of the world, and are inhabited largely by fishermen who troll the possibly contaminated waters of the southern Atlantic.

The most mature character in the novel is A.T. Cheung, manager of a bizarre pack of performers known as The Miami Symphony Orchestra. Cheung is a businessman who raises sugar cane in his garden, and is driven by a curiosity to understand the past. His grandmother, Marie Wright, the oldest living woman in the world, at one hundred, is unable to talk, and thus unable to tell Cheung about the lost days of photocopiers, cars, and consumerism. Marie believes that her own life spans the End of the World, which began in Saigon in 1974 when her father committed suicide and her mother went mad. Some of the passages about Marie's evacuation from Saigon, incidentally, are among the most brilliant in the novel.

Fiskadoro, which in Spanish means harpooner, is a young boy who speaks, like many in the novel, in a bumbling conglomeration of Spanish and English. ("My name Fiskadoro . . . Mi father es Jimmy Hidalgo . . . Fiskadoro es ain't a

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fish-man. Fiskadoro es only me.'') Fiskadoro lives in a village of ''wrecked quonset huts several miles east, a deteriorating shantytown once the dwelling place of sailors, and then marines, and still inhabited mainly by their grandchildren and great-grandchildren and generally known as the Army.'' Fiskadoro ends up being genitally maimed by a group of swamp people who call themselves ''Quraysh'' and worship the incarnation of Mohammed in a two-headed snake.

And there are others. ''Park-Smith was a small black man who bleached his hair a rusty blond and referred to himself as an Australian.'' The beggars along the road are ''people without arms, gangs of pinheads led by their insensate cousins, twisted-up people, the sightless and deaf, and creatures obliged to cover up their faces with rotting burlap, or muslin gone grey, so that nobody would have to see what terrifying portraits the genes could paint.'' There is Cassius Clay Sugar Ray, a half-brother to both Mr. Cheung and Park-Smith; Flying Man, who is one of the Israelites living in a dismantled boat on the ocean side north of Twicetown (where Mr. Cheung lives); Westmoreland Wilson, Billy Chicago, Jimmy Hidalgo, Jake Barnes, and Atomic Bomber Major Colonel Overdose.

The imagined events in this novel are absurdly sensational, and often savage. Yet, Johnson seems to ask, how could their fictitious brutality even begin to approach the inescapable facts of human brutality evidenced in wars, or even in peacetime? And it is that very savagery of the human species, the impulse to do evil or whatever other name may be given to mankind's murderous instincts, that is the focus of Johnson's visionary work.

Of course, this terrain has been explored before. But what makes *Fiskadoro* a literary achievement is not its intellectual framework; rather, it is Johnson's ability to enhance fantasy with fact, to juxtapose realism and surrealism, to be able to place Marianne Moore's fabled ''imaginary gardens with real toads in them.''

The business of this novel, finally, is art itself.

Ministry or marketplace

RACE, RELIGION, AND THE CONTINUING AMERICAN DILEMMA
C. Eric Lincoln
Hill and Wang, $16.95, 282 pp.

CIVIL RIGHTS: RHETORIC OR REALITY?
Thomas Sowell
William Morrow, $11.95, 164 pp.

C. Peter Ripley

WHEN Swedish scholar Gunnar Myrdal investigated the American national character on the eve of World War II, he discovered what he described as an *American Dilemma*. Myrdal acknowledged our enormous accomplishments but reported that American realities did not measure up to American principles — particularly in matters of race. The two books under review here take their cue from Myrdal.

Black theologian C. Eric Lincoln examines Myrdal's thesis with a historical assessment of Afro-American religion and its relationship to American churches and society. Lincoln covers familiar historical ground to define one of the ironies of black American life. The separate black church owes it existence — at least in part — to the racial attitudes of the historical white church, attitudes that include bolstering slavery and practicing segregation and discrimination. Establishing a separate black church became a touchstone for the emanicipation experience. In the decades following the Civil War, the black church refined a theology suitable to Afro-Americans, provided a focal point for black life, trained ministers who were also secular leaders, and, in the process, became the institutional bedrock of the black community. The idea that the failure of the dominant culture finds a counterweight in the minority culture is a persistent theme of Lincoln's.

Lincoln is more ambitious when he moves into the modern era. Although civil rights legislation addresses illegal behavior, it has not eradicated racism, which Lincoln describes as one of ''a cluster of social and moral problems'' that taints our culture: technology is glorified over morality; violence is commonplace; schools are battlegrounds; our cities are laid waste; *laissez-faire* morality is widely accepted; racism thrives — a ''cultural malaise'' engulfs the nation, and we have come to accept it as part of our social fabric, argues Lincoln, because we lack the resolve and leadership to combat it.

Lincoln lends a touch of the conservative Christian when he argues that in a stressful period such as America of the 1980s, people traditionally turn to ''the security religion has to offer.'' But for Lincoln, the mainstream white churches are too accommodating of the current culture to offer national salvation; a church fails, he writes, when it ratifies ''the popular sentiments of the moment'' rather than acting as a ''conservator of values.''

Lincoln cautiously proposes that the black church is uniquely qualified to provide a ''ministry to America'' during these troubled times. The black church has largely escaped the fate of other American institutions because it was created and sustained outside of the American mainstream. As the ''focal element of the black experience,'' the church has often thrived in a ''condition of multiform stress.'' Given that historical experience, the church naturally became concerned with ''the human condition on both sides of the Jordan.'' ''The black church,'' writes Lincoln, ''seems at its best when it is praising the Lord and

CASEY BLAKE *teaches in the history department of Reed College in Portland.*

PHILLIP CORWIN, *a senior information officer at the United Nations, is the author of a short story collection,* The Way Things Are.

C. PETER RIPLEY, *associate professor of history and black studies at The Florida State University, is the author of* Slaves and Freedmen in Civil War Louisiana.

BRIAN VALENTINE, *a student intern at* Commonweal *last winter, now works as an organizer for the Northwest Bronx Community and Clergy Coalition.*

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picketing the devil'' — when, as conservator of traditional values, its sense of progress includes administering to both body and soul. The sort of ministry the nation needs, argues Lincoln.

Thomas Sowell comes not from the church but from the economics departments of Harvard and the University of Chicago and the conservative Hoover Institution at Stanford University. Sowell established himself as a black spokesman who fits within the imprecise category of new-right intellectual by writing a body of literature that contradicts many of the key assumptions underlying the liberal critique of race relations in America.

In *Civil Rights: Rhetoric or Reality?*, Sowell proposes that the civil rights movement in America drew its strength from what was unique in the black American experience — slavery, segregation, and virulent racism. But, out of this set of unique circumstances, there developed a more ambitious set of ''*general* principles,'' which Sowell defines as the ''civil rights vision of the world''; that vision has been improperly applied to a succession of groups in America — women, the aged, ethnic minorities — as well as to other nations, including the third world and South Africa.

From this thesis, Sowell has three major points to make. The first is that the ''civil rights vision'' is based on faulty assumptions, particularly when it is applied to non-blacks. Second, the civil rights movement, which began as an effort to provide equality of *opportunity* to blacks, has now been corrupted into affirmative action, which demands equality of *results* for many groups including blacks. Third, the benefits from the civil rights movement have been confined to a small percentage of middle-class black Americans while the black majority has suffered economically since civil rights and affirmative action.

Sowell writes clearly and crisply, cites statistics and data on race and economics from throughout the world to build broadly defined arguments. But the book is troubled. Taking a sweeping approach, Sowell asks data, theories, and historical facts to do work they were not suited to do. Comparative statistical data are the mainstay of his arguments and conclusions; but like many economists who discuss public policy or history, he often ignores the complexities of modern life that shaped his data — war, depression, recession, urbanization, migration, industrialization, and changing technology and work patterns. Statistics do not tell good history. Nor does Sowell.

Sowell argues that civil rights failed black Americans. But he rejects the idea that flawed policies and programs should be expanded or revised to meet the nation's moral imperative of racial equality. The issue he raises is a critical issue before the nation. If civil rights did not gather a majority of black Americans into the economic or social mainstream, what, if anything, should be done next? How does America of the 1980s address the questions raised by Myrdal four decades ago?

Sowell and Lincoln share some conclusions with which Myrdal would feel comfortable. One is that civil rights has not solved the *American Dilemma* of race. They acknowledge that the black middle-class gained from civil rights, and they agree that a majority of black Americans remain economically dispossessed. Lincoln sees affirmative action as too little, too late. Sowell sees it as too much altogether. They share an implied pessimism about the future yet would not agree on remedies. Lincoln proposed that a black ministry to America could be a solution, but he states clearly that it is not in the offing for America to accept salvation from its black minority. Sowell seems to argue that blacks should be left to let the marketplace take its course — the sort of patient waiting Booker T. Washington urged for black America ninety years ago, the results of which Myrdal addressed nearly fifty years later.

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Correction: In Avery Dulles's article ''Authority: The Divided Legacy'' [July 12, 1985], the final printed version misspelled the name of the former Vicar of St. Mary's, Oxford. It should be spelled Peter Cornwell. Our sincere apologies to all concerned.

THE EDITORS

In Brief

DAY ONE: BEFORE HIROSHIMA AND AFTER, *by Peter Wyden. Simon & Schuster, $19.95, 369 pp.*

Overseas Press Club Award winner Peter Wyden dramatically relates the tale of the scientific and military specialists who worked on the Manhattan Project, and of the politicians who chose to drop the bomb. Interwoven in this story are

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those of the German, Russian, and Japanese scientists who also worked, however unsuccessfully, on their own bomb programs. Finally, Wyden takes the reader to ground zero in Hiroshima, "the Death City," and recounts the experience of the survivors.

Day One draws its strength from Wyden's portrayal of the principal characters. The personalities of such men as Leo Szilard, who took the idea of an A-bomb from an H.G. Wells novel and persuaded his friend Albert Einstein to interest F.D.R. in it, and General Leslie R. Groves, who was given the job to build the bomb, are presented believably in all of their complexities.

Wyden reveals the doubts of many of the scientists who developed the bomb, and the ignorance of those who chose to use it. He looks at the nuclear arms race at its inception, and nothing could be more relevant in this age of Star Wars and the MX missile.

BRIAN VALENTINE

Correspondence

(Continued from page 418)

abortions make all taxpayers accessories before the fact. This is not an acceptable compromise. This is something one is inclined to go down fighting against, and I think that unless the Democrats, and their presidential candidate, can bring themselves to draw the line at public funding, there will continue to be big trouble with the pro-life vote.

Just as IRS forms have a space for voluntary contributions to presidential campaigns, so they might have a space for voluntary contributions to provide abortions for poor women. This is a highly unattractive idea that will presently appeal to neither side, but it is something to think about as we become more and more desperate to remove this major roadblock to the election of progressive political candidates. Any other ideas?

JOHN C. CORT

Commonweal welcomes letters on subjects treated in its pages. Letters of not more than 250 or 300 words naturally have a better chance of being published.

Alinsky & King

Rochester, N.Y.

To the Editors: In his review of my book, *The Radical Vision of Saul Alinsky* [May 31], Robert Fisher misread what I wrote about Alinsky and Martin Luther King, Jr., and then chided me for what he said I said.

Fisher takes issue with me for allegedly saying that Alinsky's contribution to the social change movements of the past thirty years "is equal to that of Martin Luther King, Jr." What I actually wrote on page 267 of my book was the following: "Along with Martin Luther King, Jr., Alinsky deserves credit also for freeing American churches from suburban captivity and ghetto sanctuaries and bringing church people into the city streets and village roads where people were struggling with the problems and possibilities of everyday life."

P. DAVID FINKS

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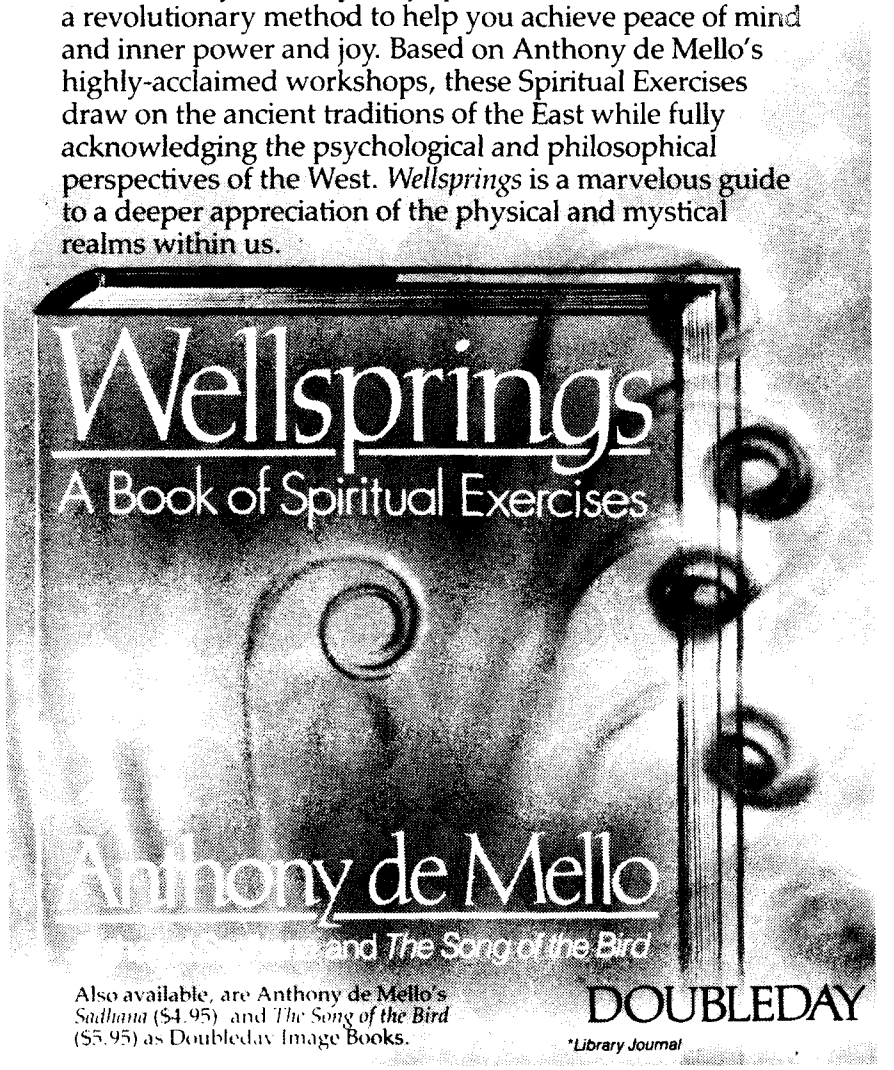

Also available, are Anthony de Mello's *Sadhana* ($4.95) and *The Song of the Bird* ($5.95) as Doubleday Image Books.

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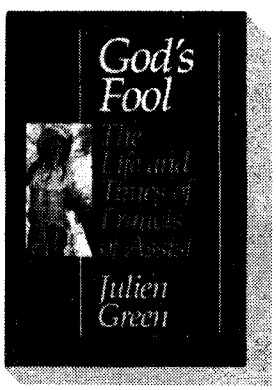

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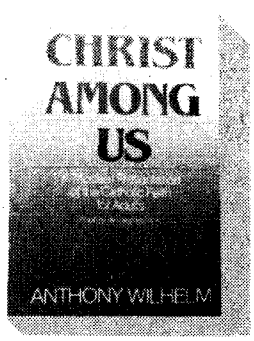

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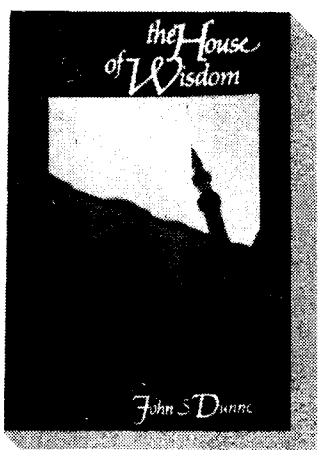

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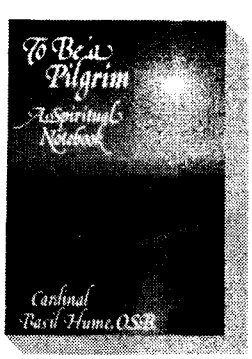

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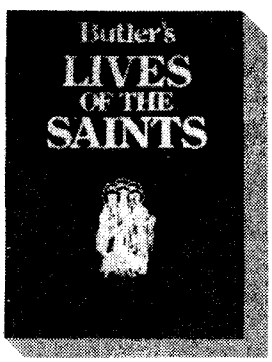

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